The HILL READERS

BOOK THREE

GINN AND COMPANY

75¢.

THE
HILL READERS

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

When the Third Reader is begun the pupil ought to have reached the educational point where the mechanical side of reading is no longer very troublesome. In the earlier readers very much attention had to be given to the mere process of getting the thought. Consciously, often painfully, the pupil had to combine letters, words, phrases, clauses, sentences, so as to get the meaning from these symbols. It is assumed that by the time the third book is reached the young reader can do this with much less effort. Hence more of his attention is left free to be fixed on the meaning of what he is reading.

At this critical transition period, therefore, when the new process of reading is virtually but unconsciously on trial in the young mind, it is vitally necessary that the reading matter presented should arouse interest. If this matter be dry and leaden, the child is repelled, perhaps for life; if, however, the selections presented are fresh and entertaining, the pleasure derived will fix the habit of reading.

To secure this end, the editors have included in this book only such selections as seemed to them to combine interest with literary excellence. The constant effort has been to choose from the world's best literature such articles as are pleasing to young people.

The selections from Henry W. Longfellow, Florence Holbrook, F. D. Sherman, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Ralph Waldo Emerson are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

We are permitted also, by the kindness of the publishing houses named below, to use the following selections: *The Pig Brother* and *The Great Feast,* from *The Golden Window,* by Laura E. Richards; *How the Leaves Came Down,* by Susan Coolidge; *A Day,* by Emily Dickinson; *Jackanapes,* by Juliana Horatia Ewing (Little, Brown & Co.); *Why the Ears of Wheat are Small,* by Perdue and Griswold (Rand, McNally & Co.); *How a Little Boy got a New Shirt* (*Kindergarten Magazine*); *The Search for a Good Child,* by Maud Lindsay (Milton, Bradley Co.); *How the Camel got his Hump,* by Rudyard Kipling; and *The Angel of the Dark,* by Howard Weeden (Doubleday-Page & Co.); *In Search of No-Work Land,* by Frances A. Humphrey; *Johnny and Little Gray Hen,* by Margaret Eytinge (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard); *The Shower,* by Frank L. Stanton (D. Appleton & Co.); *The Young Mouse,* by Jeffreys Taylor (George W. Jacob & Co.); *The Mouse's Revenge,* by Alicia Aspinwall (E. P. Dutton & Co.); and *A Boy who loved Birds* (Educational Publishing Company).

Miss Juliana Royster kindly furnished the photograph which was the basis of the drawing for *Mr. Dream-Maker.*

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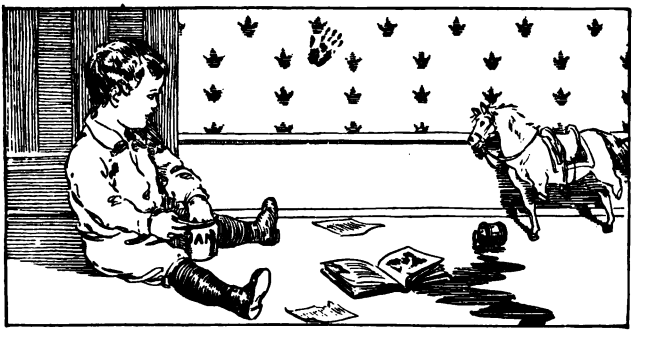
THE PIG BROTHER

untidy	carefully	pinafore
nursery	shocking	question
supper	perfect	ruffling



There was once a child who was untidy. He left his books on the floor and his

muddy shoes on the table; he put his fingers in the jam pots and spilled ink on his best pinafore; there was really no end to his untidiness.

One day the Tidy Angel came into his nursery.

"This will never do!" said the Angel. "This is really shocking. You must go out and stay with your brother while I set things to rights here."

"I have no brother," said the child.

"Yes, you have," said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you. Go out into the garden and watch for him, and he will soon come."

"I don't know what you mean," said the child; but he went out into the garden and waited.

Presently a squirrel came along, whisking his tail.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

The squirrel looked him over carefully.

"Well, I should hope not!" he said. "My fur is neat and smooth, my nest is handsomely made, and in perfect order, and my young ones are well brought up. Why do you insult me by asking such a question?"

He whisked off, and the child waited.

Presently a wren came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"No, indeed!" said the wren. "What a question! You will find no tidier person than I in the whole garden. Not a feather is out of place, and my eggs are the wonder of all for smoothness and beauty. Brother, indeed!"

He hopped off, ruffling his feathers, and the child waited.

By and by a large Tommy Cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Go and look at yourself in the glass," said the Tommy Cat, "and you will have your answer.

"I have been washing myself in the sun all the morning, while it is clear that no water has come near you for a long time. There are no such creatures as you in my family, I am thankful to say."

He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited.

Presently a pig came trotting along.

The child did not wish to ask the pig if he were his brother, but the pig did not wait to be asked.

"Hello, brother!" he grunted.

"I am not your brother!" said the child.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "I confess I am not proud of you, but there is no mistaking the members of our family. Come along and have a good roll in the barnyard. There is some lovely black mud there."

"I don't like to roll in mud!" said the child.

"Tell that to the hens!" said the Pig Brother. "Look at your hands, and your

shoes, and your pinafore! Come along, I say! You may have some of the pig wash for supper, if there is more than I want."

"I don't want pig wash," said the child; and he began to cry.

Just then the Tidy Angel came out.

"I have set everything to rights," she said; "and so it must stay. Now, will you go with the Pig Brother, or will you come back with me, and be a tidy child?"

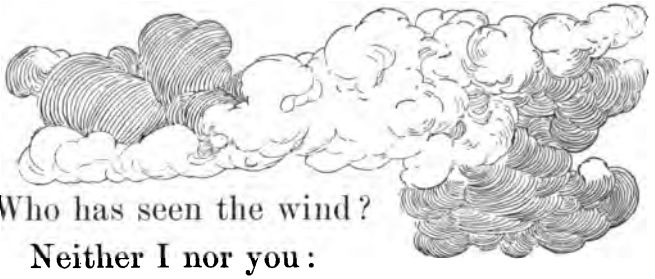
"With you, with you!" cried the child; and he clung to the Angel's dress.

The Pig Brother grunted.

"Small loss!" he said. "There will be all the more wash for me"; and he trotted on.

LAURA E. RICHARDS

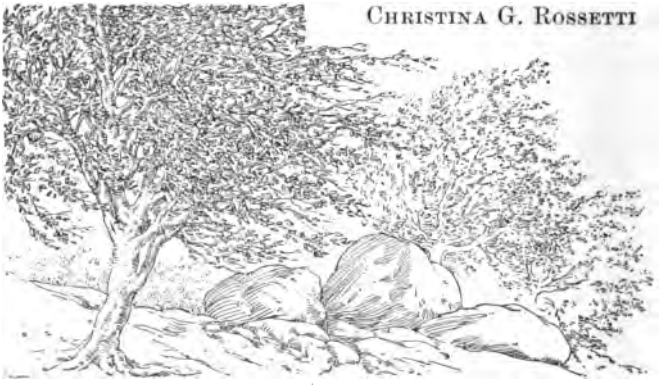
THE WIND



Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
  The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



WHY THE EARS OF WHEAT ARE SMALL

presence	wasting	nature
pool	precious	sickle
henceforth	kernels	perish

Long ago the King of the Fields and Forests walked about on this earth. All nature, from the lowliest plant to the giant oak, was happy in his presence, for the great King loved and cared for all.

In those days the stalks of wheat were very tall and the grains of wheat grew up and down the stalks from top to bottom.

One day, when the golden wheat was ready for the sickle, a mother and her little son were walking through a wheat field and came to a pool of water in the pathway. The child amused himself by breaking off great stalks of wheat and throwing them into the water. The mother stood near without saying a word.

Just then the King of the Fields and Forests came by and saw the boy wasting the wheat. He saw also the careless mother.

The King was angry and called out in a voice like thunder: "Is this the way you waste the precious grain that is given you for food? From this time on, nothing shall grow upon the wheat stalks."

The woman and all who heard him fell upon their knees before him and begged for mercy. "O King, spare us!" they cried. "If you do not give us back the wheat, we shall perish from hunger."

Then the King said: "I will answer your prayer. But to punish you for your wastefulness the wheat kernels shall henceforth grow only at the top of the stalk."

And this is why all the ears of wheat are small.

From the German
PERDUE and GRISWOLD'S
Nature through Literature and Art

DAYBREAK

proclaim mariners banners hailed
clarion tower mists leafy
chanticleer landward

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is often called the "Children's Poet." Some of his most beautiful verses have been written about or addressed to children. In the poem you have just read he has beautifully described in verse the coming of the day. Can you not write this little story in your own language? Try.

WHY THE GOBLINS COME NO MORE

sausages	labors	complain	garment
thumb	imagine	stitched	lantern
comical	lazy	diligently	treasure

Deep down in the earth there once lived a happy people ruled over by a king. They were kept busy in those days, for they had to guard all the treasure of the earth. Never could they come into broad daylight. If they did so, they were turned to stone.

These little people were goblins, and sometimes, in the darkness of the night, they appeared upon the earth and often performed many kind acts.

The goblins were of different sizes. Sometimes they were as small as your thumb, sometimes as large as the hand of a child four years old. A very large head and an odd little pointed hump on the back gave these little people a curious, comical look.

It happened that in the "good old days" which grandmother often tells about, the goblins visited the earth and helped people with their labors.

When the carpenters were lying in their beds in sound sleep, these little men came swiftly and silently from out their goblin holes, took up the tools, and chiseled, sawed, and hammered with such a will that when the carpenters woke up there the house stood finished.

In the same way things went on with the baker. While his lads were snoring the little goblins came to help.

They groaned under the load of heavy corn sacks, they weighed and kneaded the flour, they lifted and pushed the bread into the oven, and before the lazy bakers opened their eyes the morning bread, brown and crispy, was lying in rows on the table.

The butchers, too, could tell how the good little men chopped, mixed, and stirred

with all their might, and when the drowsy butcher at last awakened he found fresh, steaming sausages adorning the walls of his shop.

Even the tailor could not complain that the goblins neglected him. Once Mr. Cotton, a clever tailor, had an order to make a Sunday coat for the mayor of the town.

He worked diligently at it, but you can easily imagine such a task took a long time, and Mr. Cotton worked far into the night. At last so tired was he that the needle dropped from his hand, and he fell fast asleep. One little goblin after another crept quietly from his hiding place.

They climbed on the table and began the tailor's work. They stitched and sewed and fitted and pressed as if they had been master tailors all their lives.

When Mr. Cotton awoke he found to his great joy the mayor's Sunday coat rèady made and so neatly done that he

could present the wonderful garment with pride to the head of the town.

The pretty wife of Mr. Cotton looked at the beautiful garment with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

That night, when her husband had fallen asleep, she rose from her bed and without making the slightest noise scattered peas all over the floor of the workshop. Then she put a half-finished garment on the worktable.

She kept a small lantern under her apron, and waited behind the door and listened. Soon she heard the patter of many tiny feet upon the stairs, and in a minute the room was full of little goblins, stumbling, slipping, falling over the peas and over one another.

Poor little men! They were sadly bruised and hurt. With cries of alarm they ran down the stairs and disappeared. The tailor's wife heard the noise and thought

it great sport. She opened the door to see them, but she came too late. Not a single goblin was left behind.

Since that time the friendly goblins have never been seen upon the earth, and that is why you sometimes hear people sigh for the "good old days."

From the German

TRUE WORTH

For Memorizing

True worth is in being, not seeming;
  In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
  Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
  And spite of the fancies of youth,
There 's nothing so kingly as kindness,
  And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

swarm	grief	frolicked
sports	rustling	huddled
heaped	pouting	murmured

I 'll tell you how the leaves came down:
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow, Brown—
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'T is such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and
smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed."

SUSAN COOLIDGE

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

What is this poem about?
Quote what the great Tree said to his children.
Tell the names of some of these children.
Why did the Tree tell them to go to bed?
How did the leaves behave?
What did the little leaves whisper?
How did the Tree send the leaves to bed?
Have you seen such a bed?

THE FIREFLIES

jewels	gravel	faithful
lawn	shrubbery	grateful
modest	allow	entirely

In the warm summer evenings, when the air is soft and the great stars shine down on the quiet world, you like to watch the fireflies.

They dart in and out among the shrubbery on the lawn, as if they were having a gay time. Sometimes they fly so high that you mistake them for the stars themselves. Sometimes they rest like wonderful jewels on the grass or the gravel walk. If you should see one in the sunshine, however, you would find that it is only a modest little beetle.

Far off across the seas lie the Philippine Islands. It is never cold there.

When the sun goes down in these warm lands the night comes very quickly. In the

darkness hundreds of tiny lights shine out, for everywhere in the Islands are troops of fireflies. The Filipino children like to tell the story of how the fireflies came to carry lanterns.

Once upon a time, it seems, the king of these little insects lost his ring. It was a beautiful ring and the king was very unhappy to think that he might never see it again.

He set all his faithful servants to work looking for the missing treasure, but as day after day passed and it could not be found he made up his mind that the search was hopeless. Before he gave it up entirely, however, he promised to the one who should be so fortunate as to find the ring any gift he might like to name.

One day one of his subjects came to him and declared that he had found the ring. The good king was delighted and begged to know where it was.

"It is on your golden crown on the top of your head, your Majesty," said the bright-eyed little beetle who had discovered it. Sure enough, the king had placed it there himself and had forgotten all about it.

"Ask what you will for a reward," said the grateful king, "and you and your family shall enjoy it forever."

"If you will allow us to carry lanterns, we shall have no other favor to ask," said the modest beetle. "When we go out at night to visit our friends it is so dark that we sometimes lose our way. Permit us then to carry a light and all will be well."

"I will give you the lanterns myself," said the king. "You need never go out in the dark again without one."

And this is how the fireflies come by their glowing lights, say the little brown children of the Philippines.

From *All the Year Round*

PRETTY COW

soak chew purple
dine pleasant weedy
hemlock bubbling

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR

HOW A LITTLE BOY GOT A NEW SHIRT

widow	wondrous	berries
spoil	busily	remains
naked	twittered	spiders

Once there lived a poor widow who had seven children to feed; so she had to go out to work all day.

Only in the winter evenings could she spin and weave shirts for her children, that they might not go naked.

Each child had but one shirt, and when the largest had outgrown his it went to the next in size. So it happened that the shirt that came to the youngest was always so thin that the sun shone through it.

The youngest child was a happy little fellow, four years old, who had a wondrous love for animals and flowers. When he saw a lamb he ran to find leaves to feed it; when he found a young bird that had fallen from

the nest, he carried it home and fed it until it was grown, and then let it fly away.

He was fond of spiders, too, and when he found one in the house he would carry it out of doors, saying, "This little creature shall also live."

But one time his little shirt had become so thin and old that it fell from his body, and as it was summer and his mother must go to her day's work, she could not make him another.

One day as he was hunting for berries in the forest he met a Lamb, which looked kindly at him and said, "Where is your little shirt?" The little boy answered sadly: "I have none, and my mother cannot make me one till next winter. But no; the new one will be for my oldest sister, and mine will be an old one. Oh, if only once I could have a new shirt!" Then the Lamb said: "I am sorry for you; I will give you my wool, and you can have a new shirt made

of it." So the Lamb pulled all his wool off and gave it to the little boy.

As he passed by a Thorn Bush with his wool, the Bush called, "What are you carrying there?" "Wool," said the little one, "to make me a shirt." "Give it to me," said the Thorn Bush; "I will card it for you." The boy gave his wool to the Bush, which passed his thorny branches to and fro and carded the wool most beautifully. "Carry it carefully," cried the Bush, "so that you do not spoil it."

So he carried the soft rolls along carefully till he saw the web of a Spider, and the Spider sat in the middle of it and called to him: "Give me your wool, little one. I will spin the threads and weave them. I see already how it is."

Then the Spider began and worked busily with his little feet, and spun and wove the finest piece of cloth you ever saw, and gave it to the child, who trotted merrily along

with it till he came to a brook; and there sat a great Crab, which called out: "Where so fast? What are you carrying there?" "Cloth," said the little boy, "for a new shirt." "Then you have come to the right one," said the Crab; "let me take your cloth." And he took it and with his great shears he cut out a little shirt very nicely. "There, little one," he said, "all that remains to be done is to have it sewed."

The boy took it and went on sadly, for he was afraid that even then he could not have his new shirt till winter, when his mother would have time to sew. But pretty soon he saw a little Bird sitting on a bush, and the Bird twittered, "Wait, little one; let me make your shirt." So the Bird took a long thread and flew back and forth, working patiently with his little beak, till the shirt was sewed together. "Now," said the Bird, "you have as nice a shirt as one could wish."

And the little boy put it on and ran happily home to show it to his sisters and brothers, and they all said they had never seen a nicer one.

From the German
Translated by LOUISE STUART

Kind hearts are the gardens,
  Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
  Kind deeds are the fruits.

ALICE CARY

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

In the stories you have read find these words, and use them in new sentences.

I. In *Why the Goblins Come No More:*

treasure	swiftly	kneaded
performed	silently	curious
friendly	diligently	happily

II. In *How a Little Boy Got a New Shirt:*

wondrous	creature	busily
sadly	spoil	merrily

MR. DREAM-MAKER

loveliest lassie

Come, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me to-night
The loveliest dream in your shop;
My dear little lassie is weary of light,
Her lids are beginning to drop.
She's good when she's gay, but she's tired of play,
And the tear-drops will naughtily creep;
So Mr. Dream-maker, hasten, I pray,
My little girl's going to sleep.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

THE COAL FORESTS

enter	sprouts	pierce
plenty	ferns	gloomy
height	dense	croaking
layers	packed	decay

Try to imagine yourself in a forest years and years ago. You will not meet any one, for this was long ago, when the world was young and before man came to live on this earth of ours.

It is a strange forest that we are about to enter. There is no winter there; the trees grow all the year round.

You know how your plants at home grow and bloom in the hot days of July. All the days are warm July days in this forest. The ferns are as large as our trees.

It is a dense forest, for every little seed falling into the warm mud below sprouts, and is soon a large tree.

Do you think that much sunlight could pierce through the many branches? You are right; it could not, and it is dark and gloomy among these great trees.

Hark! Is that the chirp of a robin? No! Here we have trees without birds, a forest without a song, for there are as yet no birds upon the earth. The only sound to break the stillness is the croaking of a frog and the chirp of a grasshopper.

Here we meet our old friends, the pines and the firs, and see the well-known cones waving among the branches. We can find plenty of water plants and ferns but not one flower or bright berry. The trees spring up quickly in the soft, warm mud. The leaves come, fade, and fall just as quickly.

The trees, with their roots in mud, are easily blown down. They are then buried in the water and partly decay. This matter becomes packed so closely that it turns into peat.

Hundreds and hundreds of years pass; tree after tree springs up, reaches its height, dies, and decays in the dark below.

Let us come away from the forest now, for a strange thing is about to happen.

A flood has covered the place where we stood such a short time ago. The beautiful great trees have fallen upon the soft bed of mud where their parents and grandparents have lain for hundreds of years.

Now the mud and sand are settling upon them, forming shale and sandstone. These press heavily upon the trees.

After many years the water will disappear and a new forest will spring up. It will grow, and then again the same thing will happen.

The weight becomes greater and greater as these layers are formed. The trees are packed more and more tightly until they become one solid mass, called coal.

From *All the Year Round*

HOW FIRE WAS BROUGHT TO THE INDIANS

I. SEIZING THE FIREBRAND

spirit	serpent	snowflakes
cloak	rushes	firebrand
antlers	raven	nostrils

Oh, it was so cold! The wind blew the leaves about on the ground. The frost spirit hid on the north side of every tree, and stung every animal of the forest that came near. Then the snow fell till the

ground was white. Through the snowflakes one could see the sun; but the sun looked cold, for it was not a clear, bright yellow. It was almost as white as the moon.

The Indians drew their cloaks more and more closely around them, for they had no fire.

"How shall we get fire?" they asked; but no one answered.

All the fire on earth was in the wigwam of two old women who did not like the Indians.

"They shall not have it," said the old women; and they watched night and day so that no one could get a firebrand.

At last a young Indian said to the others: "No man can get fire. Let us ask the animals to help us."

"What beast or what bird can get fire when the two old women are watching it?" the others cried.

"The bear might get it."

"No; he cannot run swiftly."

"The deer can run."

"His antlers would not go through the door of the wigwam."

"The raven can go through the door."

"It was smoke that made the raven's feathers black, and now he always keeps away from the fire."

"The serpent has not been in the smoke."

"No; but he is not our friend, and he will not do anything for us."

"Then I will ask the wolf," said the young man. "He can run, he has no antlers, and he has not been in the smoke."

So the young man went to the wolf and called, "Friend Wolf, if you will get us a firebrand, I will give you some food every day."

"I will get it," said the wolf. "Go to the home of the old women and hide behind a tree; and when you hear me cough three times, give a loud war cry."

Close by the village of the Indians was a pond. In the pond was a frog, and near the pond lived a squirrel, a bat, a bear, and a deer. The wolf cried: "Frog, hide in the rushes across the pond. Squirrel, go to the bushes beside the path that runs from the pond to the wigwam of the two old women. Bat, go into the shadow and sleep if you like, but do not close both eyes. Bear, do not stir from behind this great rock till you are told. Deer, keep still as a mountain till something happens."

The wolf then went to the wigwam of the two old women. He coughed at the door, and at last they said, "Wolf, you may come in to the fire."

The wolf went into the wigwam. He coughed three times, and the Indian gave a war cry. The two old women ran out quickly into the forest to see what had happened, and the wolf ran away with a firebrand from the fire.

II. THE FIREBRAND IN THE FOREST

When the two old women saw that the wolf had the firebrand they were very angry, and straightway they ran after him.

"Catch it and run!" cried the wolf, and he threw it to the deer. The deer caught it and ran.

"Catch it and run!" cried the deer, and he threw it to the bear. The bear caught it and ran.

"Catch it and fly!" cried the bear, and he threw it to the bat. The bat caught it and flew.

"Catch it and run!" cried the bat, and he threw it to the squirrel. The squirrel caught it and ran.

"O! Serpent" called the two old women; "you are no friend to the Indians. Help us. Get the firebrand away from the squirrel."

As the squirrel ran swiftly over the ground the serpent sprang up and tried to

seize the firebrand. He did not get it, but the smoke went into the squirrel's nostrils and made him cough. He would not let go of the firebrand, but ran and ran till he could throw it to the frog.

When the frog was running away with it, then the squirrel for the first time thought of himself, and he found that his beautiful bushy tail was no longer straight, for the fire had curled it up over his back.

"Do not be sorry," called the young Indian across the pond. "Whenever an Indian boy sees a squirrel with his tail curled up over his back, he will throw him a nut."

III. THE FIREBRAND IN THE POND

All this time the firebrand was burning, and the frog was going to the pond as fast as he could. The old women were running after him, and when he came to the water one of them caught him by the tail.

"I have caught him!" she called.

"Do not let him go!" cried the other.

"No, I will not," said the first; but she did let him go, for the little frog tore himself away and dived into the water. His

tail was still in the woman's hand, but the firebrand was safe, and he made his way swiftly across the pond.

"Here it is," said the frog.

"Where?" asked the young Indian.

Then the frog coughed, and out of his mouth came the firebrand. It was small,

for it had been burning all this time, but it set fire to the leaves and twigs, and soon the Indians were warm again. They sang and they danced about the flames.

At first the frog was sad, because he was sorry to lose his tail; but before long he was as merry as the people who were dancing, for the young Indian said, "Little frog, you have been a good friend to us, and as long as we live on the earth we will never throw a stone at a frog that has no tail."

FLORENCE HOLBROOK

From *The Book of Nature Myths.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Fire is one of our greatest blessings. Can you think of what our earth would be without the great gift of fire? Ask your teacher to tell you the story of Prometheus and his wonderful gift to the people of the earth.

Write the story of Prometheus.

DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE ON EDUCATION

hatched	scrambled	mottled
callow	mashed	waddled
sedges	margin	withered

Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood
  Of ducklings small and callow;
Their little wings are short; their down
  Is mottled gray and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
  That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
  And water lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
  The old duck made her nest
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
  And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
  In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out —
  Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
  One scrambled on her back;
"That 's very rude," said old Dame Duck;
  "Get off! Quack, quack, quack, quack!"

"'T is close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
  The eggshells with her bill;
"Besides, it never suits young ducks
  To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
  "Now, children, look at me;
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
  From side to side — d 'ye see?"

"Yes," said the little ones; and then
She went on to explain:
"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do — try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on;
"That 's better," said their mother;
"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight — one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row;
"Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck —
Splash, splash! and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame Duck,
"To this side, now to that;
There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

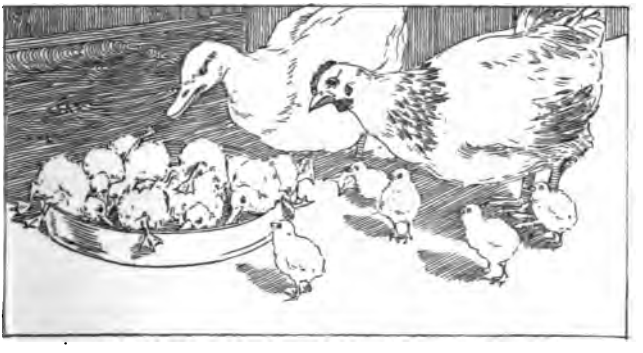
"Now when you reach the poultry yard,
The hen-wife, Molly Head,
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread.

"The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
  I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
  As well-bred ducks should do.

"You 'd better get into the dish,
  Unless it is too small;
In that case I should use my foot,
  And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
  And found the plan so good,
That from that day the other fowls
  Got hardly any food.

ANN HAWKSHAW



LITTLE COTTON BALL

pickers	abides	snugly	fluffy
sultry	paper	caper	silly

If little fluffy Cotton Ball
  Should spread her wings and say,
"I cannot work, I am too small,"
  Then swiftly fly away,

And then, if all her sisters fair
  Should cut just such a caper,
What should we do for clothes to wear?
  What should we do for paper?

But Cotton Ball does no such thing,
  She would n't be so silly;
She spends her time in blossoming,
  As fair as any lily.

Through the long sultry August days,
  Her pretty face she hides
In a brown bonnet lined with lace,
  And snugly there abides.

Then bursts into a downy ball,
  As soft and white as snow,
And when the leaves begin to fall,
  The pickers come and go.

So, though she is so very small,
  She 's very useful too.
May we not learn from Cotton Ball,
  Our very best to do?

A. E. O'Connor

HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP

tamarisks	prickles	puffing	magic
idleness	account	desert	fetch
reflection	behave	saddle	extra

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new-and-all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Desert because he did not want to work. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles; and when anybody spoke to him he said, "Humph!" Just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and plow like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, "Three, O Three, I 'm very sorry for you, but that Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone and you must work double time to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "*is* it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your Desert with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling; "that's my Camel! What does he say about it?"

"He says 'Humph!'" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry."

"Does he say anything else?"

"Only 'Humph'; and he won't plow," said the Ox.

"Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll attend to him if you will kindly wait a minute."

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the desert,

and found the Camel looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

"My long and bubbling friend," said the Djinn, "what's this I hear of your doing no work?"

"Humph!" said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his own reflection in the pool of water.

"You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your idleness," said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

"Humph!" said the Camel.

"I should n't say that again if I were you," said the Djinn; "you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want you to work."

And the Camel said "Humph!" again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw

his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big humph.

"Do you see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work."

"How can I," said the Camel, "with this humph on my back?"

"That's made," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave."

And the Camel, humph and all, went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (we call it "hump" now, not to

hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE BIRD

For Memorizing

A little bird flew out of the South,
  The warm, sweet South, where the flowers are;
And it carried a song 'neath its beating heart
  To the cold white North, away so far.
And the sweet South sighed for a bird that had gone,
But the cold North smiled and treasured the song.

LESLIE GLENDOWER PEABODY

THE DUEL[1]

exaggerate	simply	terrible	declares
employing	fate	Dutch	burglars
littered	calico	wailed	gingham

The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat
Side by side on the table sat;

[1] From *The Eugene Field Book.* Copyright, 1898. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you
think!)
Nor one nor th' other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch Clock and the Chinese
Plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I was n't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese
Plate!)

The Gingham Dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the Calico Cat replied, "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch Clock in the chim-
ney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch Clock declares is
true!)

The Chinese Plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
  (Don't fancy I exaggerate —
  I got my news from the Chinese Plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of Dog or Cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
  (The old Dutch Clock it told me so,
  And this is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD

THE SANDMAN

umbrella inquired fancied slightest
glittered exercise capital quantity
clever immediately stork

There is nobody in the whole world who knows so many stories as the Sandman, or who can tell them so nicely.

In the evening, while the children are seated at the tea table or in their little chairs, very softly he comes up the stairs, for he walks in his socks.

He opens the doors without the slightest noise, and throws a small quantity of very fine dust in the little ones' eyes, just enough to prevent them from keeping them open, and so they do not see him. Then he creeps behind them and blows softly upon their necks, till their heads begin to droop.

But Sandman does not wish to hurt them. He is very fond of children, and only wants them to be quiet that he may tell them pretty stories; and he knows they never are quiet until they are in bed and asleep.

Sandman seats himself upon the bed as soon as they are asleep. He is nicely dressed; his coat is made of silken stuff; it is impossible to say of what color, for it changes from green to red, and from red to blue, as he turns from side to side. Under each arm he carries an umbrella. One of them, with pictures on the inside, he spreads over good children, and then they dream

the most charming stories. But the other umbrella has no pictures; and this he holds over the naughty children, so that they sleep heavily, and wake in the morning without having dreamed at all.

Now we shall hear how Sandman came one night to a little boy named Hjalmar, and what it was that he told the boy.

I

"Now pay attention," said Sandman, in the evening, when Hjalmar was in bed.

Immediately all the flowers in the flower-pots became large trees, with long branches reaching to the ceiling and stretching along the walls, so that the whole room was like a greenhouse.

All the branches were loaded with flowers, each flower as beautiful and as fragrant as a rose; and had any one tasted them, he would have found them sweeter even than jam. The fruit glittered like gold, and

there were cakes so full of plums that they were nearly bursting. It was most beautiful.

At the same time dismal moans sounded from the table drawer in which lay Hjalmar's schoolbooks.

"What can that be now?" said Sandman, going to the table and pulling out the drawer.

It was a slate, in such distress because of a wrong figure in a sum, that it had almost broken itself to pieces. The pencil pulled and tugged at its string as if it were a little dog that wanted to help but could not.

And then came a moan from Hjalmar's copy book. Oh, it was quite terrible to hear! On each leaf stood a row of capital letters, every one having a small letter by its side. This formed a copy; under these were other letters, which Hjalmar had written. They fancied they looked like the copy; but they were mistaken, for they were

leaning on one side as if they intended to fall over the pencil lines.

"See, this is the way you should hold yourselves," said the copy. "Look here; you should slope thus, with a graceful curve."

"Oh, we are very willing to do so," said Hjalmar's letters; "but we cannot, we are so badly made."

"You must be scratched out, then," said Sandman.

"Oh, no!" they cried, and then they stood up so gracefully that it was quite a pleasure to look at them.

"Now we must give up our stories, and exercise these letters," said Sandman; "one, two — one, two —" So he drilled them till they stood up straight, and looked as beautiful as a copy could look. But after Sandman was gone, and Hjalmar looked at them in the morning, they were as bad as ever.

II

How the rain did pour down! Hjalmar could hear it in his sleep; and when Sandman opened the window the water flowed quite up to the window sill. It looked like a large lake outside, and a beautiful ship lay close to the house.

"Wilt thou sail with me to-night, little Hjalmar?" said Sandman; "then we shall see a new land, and thou shalt return here in the morning."

All in a moment there stood Hjalmar, in his best clothes, on the deck of the noble ship; and immediately the weather became fine.

They sailed through the streets, round by the church, while on every side rolled the wide, great sea.

They sailed till the land disappeared, and then they saw a flock of storks, which had left their own country and were traveling

to warmer climates. The storks flew one behind another, and had already been a long, long time on the wing.

One of them seemed so tired that his wings could scarcely carry him. He was soon left very far behind. At length he sunk lower and lower, flapping his wings in vain, till his feet touched the rigging of the ship, and he slid from the sails to the deck and stood before them. Then a sailor boy caught him and put him in the hen-house with the fowls, the ducks, and the turkeys, while the poor stork stood quite frightened amongst them.

"Just look at that fellow!" said the chickens.

Then the turkey cock puffed himself out as large as he could and inquired who he was; and the ducks waddled backwards, crying, "Quack, quack!"

The stork told them all about his home in the warm country, and of the ostrich

which, like a wild horse, runs across the desert. But the ducks did not understand what he said, and quacked amongst themselves, "We are all of the same opinion, namely, that he is stupid."

"Yes, to be sure, he is stupid," said the turkey cock, and gobbled.

Then the stork remained quite silent and thought of his home in the warm country.

"Those are handsome thin legs of yours," said the turkey cock. "What do they cost a yard?"

"Quack, quack, quack!" grinned the ducks; but the stork pretended not to hear.

"You may as well laugh," said the turkey; "for that remark was rather witty, but perhaps it was above you. Ah, ah! is he not clever? He will be a great amusement to us while he remains here." And then he gobbled and the ducks quacked, "Gobble, gobble; quack, quack!"

Then Hjalmar went to the henhouse, and, opening the door, called to the stork. He hopped out on the deck. He had rested himself now and he looked happy, and seemed to nod to Hjalmar as if he thanked him.

Then he spread his wings and flew away to warmer countries, while the hens clucked, the ducks quacked, and the turkey cock's head turned quite scarlet.

"To-morrow you shall be made into soup," said Hjalmar to the fowls; and then he awoke and found himself lying in his little bed.

It was a wonderful journey which Sandman had made him take this night.

HANS ANDERSEN

THE ANGEL OF THE DARK

The quiet night comes softly down,
  Good-by, dear day, good-by!
The Angel of the Dark is here,
  And in her arms I lie!

Good-by, dear day, the long, long night
  Holds not a single fear,
Because this Angel of the Dark
  Is just my mammy dear!

HOWARD WEEDEN

ROBERT VISITS THE PIGS

trough	invitation	inclosed
barrow	disagreeable	strolled
space	regular	mixture
ashes	disgrace	charcoal

"Can I help you about anything this morning?" asked Robert of James, as he strolled out into the barnyard after breakfast.

"I am going to feed the pigs," said James. "You may go with me if you like."

Robert did not seem very much pleased with this invitation, and, as James looked surprised, he said: "I do not like pigs, they are so dirty. Besides, they are always squealing, and they live in that very disagreeable place under the barn."

James smiled. "Come with me and see our pigs," he said; "perhaps you will like them better than you think."

James had a large wheelbarrow with him, and on the way he stopped in a fine field of clover and cut enough of it to fill the wheelbarrow to the very top. Robert helped him pile up the clover, and he would have liked to wheel the barrow, but it was too heavy for him.

They passed on into another field, where Robert saw a row of little houses. Each little house had a yard inclosed by a board fence, which was not too high for Robert to look over.

In the first yard was a fine, large sow and six clean little pigs, four of them white, and the other two black and white. They were frisking around their mother and playing almost as prettily as young puppies. There was space enough in the yard to give them plenty of room for their frolic.

Robert was so delighted with them that he wanted to feed them, and James let him

put an armful of the sweet clover into the yard. "I have fed them once this morning," said James. "They had their regular breakfast before I had mine, which was very early."

Robert went on to the next yard, where a large hog was lying contentedly in the sun. He gave a cheerful grunt as if to say, "Thank you," when James threw some clover over the fence.

"Here, old fellow, are some acorns," said James, as he took a handful from his pocket and flung them over into the clover pile. "That's right. Hunt them up."

Robert laughed to see what a good time the hog was having. As he went on he saw that all the yards were clean and so were the pigs. There was a trough of fresh water in each yard, and another trough for the food.

"I thought all pigs were dirty," said Robert.

"No, indeed," said James. "They like to be clean and to have room to run about. They need to root in the earth and roll in the mud, but they prefer clean earth and clean mud to the filthy stuff they often get."

"There 's a great difference in mud," said Robert, in such a wise way that James laughed. "Pigs like sunshine, too," said he; "and when you have seen me give them a bath you will never say again that they like to be dirty. We wash them and brush them with a stiff brush, and they think it is great fun."

"Do they eat anything but scraps from the kitchen?" was Robert's next question.

"Of course," said James. "They have milk, beets, potatoes, a little grain, with plenty of hay and green or dry clover. I don't give them much corn because it makes them too fat. In those small troughs I keep a mixture of clay, salt, ashes, and charcoal so that the pigs can reach it easily.

"In winter I always warm their food for them and take great pains to keep their bedding warm and dry. I am not allowed to give them any food which is n't sweet and fresh. If I were careless about it I should lose my place directly. Mr. Spencer made me understand that when I came. He said that a dirty pigpen was a disgrace to a farmer and a danger to the neighborhood."

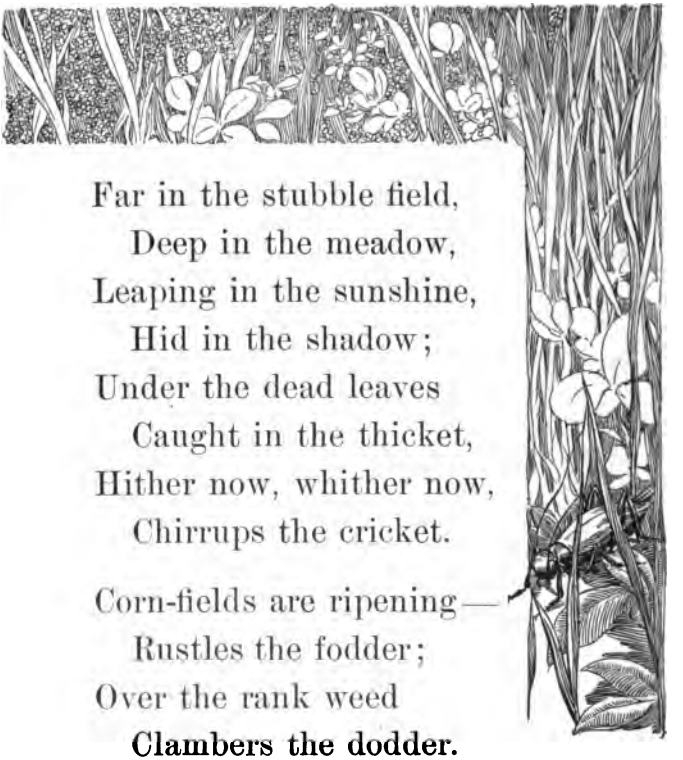
"These pigs look as if they knew you," said Robert. "Do you think they do?"

"I know they do," said James. "They are as bright as any of the other animals I take care of. Don't you know the old Welsh saying, 'Happy is the man who is as wise as a pig'? When they are stupid it is because they have been ill-treated. If we lived in a dark, damp hole under a barn, we might look a little dull sometimes. Don't you think so, Robert?"

From *Friends and Helpers*

THE CRICKET

clambers	**ripening**	**drowsy**	**dodder**
sentinels	**glossy**	**russet**	**chirps**
beholden	**stubble**	**hither**	**wicket**



Far in the stubble field,
  Deep in the meadow,
Leaping in the sunshine,
  Hid in the shadow;
Under the dead leaves
  Caught in the thicket,
Hither now, whither now,
  Chirrups the cricket.

Corn-fields are ripening—
  Rustles the fodder;
Over the rank weed
  Clambers the dodder.

Sunflower sentinels,
  Hard by the wicket,
Nodding so softly;
  There chirps the cricket!

Drowsy the wood seems,
  Russet the clover,
Glossy the hazel-nut,
  Bright the skies over.
Down through the golden-rod,
  Bending, I seek it—
Oh, could I find you
  And sing with you, cricket!

What though the green fade—
  Soon it is golden;
Soon 'mid the rank leaves
  Fruits are beholden.
Life 's dark or cheery,
  Just as we take it.
Oh, sing and be merry!
  Learn of the cricket!

HUNTER LEE HARRIS

THE STORY OF THE REAP HOOK[1]

surrounded	exclaimed	machine	gnaw
instrument	condition	fortune	grove
companion	curiously	refused	efforts

It was in the month of July, and the fields were yellow with the golden grain,

[1] From *Evening Tales.* (From the French.) Copyright, 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

which waved lightly in the wind. For the first time since he left home Jack-John felt tired; his limbs refused to carry him farther.

How happy he would be, he thought, if he could only reach the village near by, where there was an orange grove. But his efforts were useless, and the young fellow lay down in the shadow of a big oak and was soon fast asleep.

How long he remained there he did not know; but when Jack-John awoke it was morning, and he was surrounded by a crowd of people who eyed him curiously without daring to come near.

"Hey, friends!" he cried. "I am very hungry. Have you nothing to offer me?"

"Yes, yes!" was the reply on all sides; "but on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Jack-John.

"You must tell us what the half-moon in a handle, which you have sleeping beside you, is for."

"The half-moon that sleeps?" exclaimed Jack-John in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Your companion that sleeps beside you on the green moss," said the people.

"You make me laugh," said Jack-John.

"It is not my companion; it is not an animal. It is simply a reap hook."

"What a strange name! Never before have we seen such a thing."

Jack-John was astonished, but in a moment he thought that the time had come for him to make his fortune; so he said:

"I see that your grain is ripe. It is time to harvest it. How do you cut it?"

"Like everybody else," said they; "we gnaw it with the teeth."

"That must be tiresome," said Jack-John.

"Oh, there are hundreds of us to do the work," said the people.

"And how long does it take you to complete the task?" asked Jack-John.

"Two or three months only," the people replied.

"Ah, well!" said Jack-John; "what it takes all of you three months to accomplish my good reap hook will do in one hour's time. A thousand of you working together could not make as much headway. Under its magic touch the grain falls and you have only to bind it."

"What!" they exclaimed. "That little instrument does all the work?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jack-John; "and if you desire it, I will prove it to you."

Thereupon Jack-John made his way to the fields of ripe golden grain, and in a few minutes had cut quantities of it. Never had the people seen anything so remarkable, so wonderful. It was indeed a most marvelous thing for them to see done in a minute the work that would require the efforts of a hundred men from sunrise to sunset. On all sides there were shouts of joy.

"Oh, the beautiful machine you have there!" the people cried; "the fairy that runs and cuts the grain! What a treasure!"

"I see that my beautiful reap hook pleases you," said Jack-John. "How much are you willing to pay for it?"

"All the gold in the world would not be enough to pay you," said the spokesman of the people. "Name your price."

"I want each one of you to give me as many gold pieces as my reap hook has cut stalks of wheat."

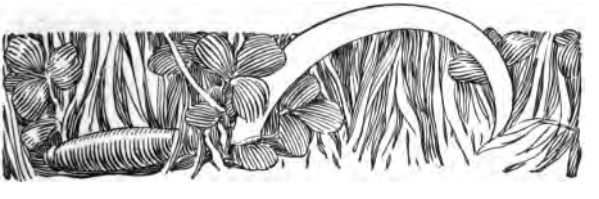
"Your demand is small," they answered; "and to-day each one of us will bring the required sum."

After this Jack-John was lifted on the shoulders of the multitude and carried to the neighboring village, where he was treated with great honor, and for a little more he could have become king. Soon, on all sides, the people brought sacks of gold, and such was its weight that ten

mules were required to carry it. Jack-John, however, did not stay very long in this country. He rightly thought that no country is so beautiful as one's birthplace, and at the end of a few weeks he arrived at his native village, where he found his two brothers, who had been as successful.

"Our good fortune," exclaimed the eldest, "has made us rich, and now it ought to make us happy."

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



LANGUAGE EXERCISE

How do farmers reap grain in these days?

Have you ever seen farmers reap grain with a "cradle"?

How does a "cradle" differ from a reap hook?

What other name is given to the reap hook?

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty
    one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
    one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE GREAT FEAST

relations	almonds	citron	candied
raisins	barley	jelly	wreath
manage	bantam	roast	volcano

Once the Play Angel came into a nursery where four little children sat on the floor with sad and troubled faces.

"What is the matter, dears?" asked the Play Angel.

"We wanted to have a grand feast," said the child whose nursery it was.

"Yes, that would be delightful," said the Play Angel.

"But there is only one cooky," said the child whose nursery it was.

"And it is a very small cooky," said the child who was a cousin, and therefore felt a right to speak.

"Not big enough for myself," said the child whose nursery it was.

The other two children said nothing, because they were not relations; but they looked at the cooky with large eyes, and their mouths went up in the middle and down at the sides.

"Well," said the Play Angel, "suppose we have the feast just the same. I think we can manage it."

She broke the cooky into four pieces, and gave one piece to the littlest child.

"See!" she said. "This is a roast chicken, a Brown Bantam. It is just as brown and crispy as it can be, and there is cranberry sauce on one side, and on the other a little mountain of mashed potato; it must be a volcano, it smokes so. Do you see?"

"Yes," said the littlest one; and his mouth went down in the middle and up at the corners.

The Play Angel gave a piece to the next child.

"Here," she said, "is a little pie. Outside, as you see, it is brown and crusty, with a wreath of pastry leaves round the edge and 'For You' in the middle; but inside it is all chicken and ham and jelly and hard-boiled eggs. Did you ever see such a pie?"

"I never did," said the child.

"Now here," said the Angel to the third child, "is a round cake. *Look* at it! the frosting is half an inch thick, with candied rose leaves and angelica laid on in true-lovers' knots; and inside there are chopped-up almonds, and raisins, and great slices of citron. It is the prettiest cake I ever saw, and the best."

"So it is," said the third child.

Then the Angel gave the last piece to the child whose nursery it was.

"My dear," she said, "just look! Here is an ice-cream rabbit. He is snow-white outside, with eyes of red barley sugar. See

his ears and his little snubby tail! But inside I *think* you will find him pink. Now when I clap my hands and count one, two, three, you must eat the feast all up. One — two — three!"

So the children ate the feast all up.

"There!" said the Angel. "Did you ever see such a grand feast?"

"No, we never did," said all the four children together.

"And there are some crumbs left over," said the Angel. "Come, and we will give them to the brother birds."

"But you didn't have any!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"Oh, yes!" said the Angel; "I had it all."

LAURA E. RICHARDS

There is beauty in the sunlight,
  And the soft blue heavens above;
Oh, the world is full of beauty,
  When the heart is full of love.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

croft aloft echo wandered

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

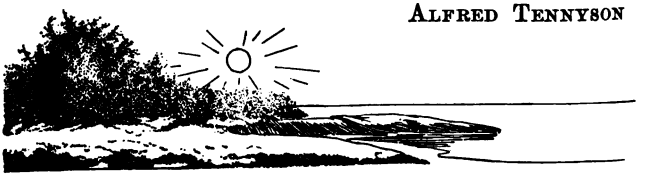
Pink was the shell within,
  Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
  Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
  Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
  Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
  Peep'd into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
  Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
  Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
  The sun is aloft!

ALFRED TENNYSON



THE MOONCALF[1]

shoemaker	cobbler	bristle	disk
simpleton	leather	driven	awl
freckled	fiddle	tussle	sole

There was a little boy named David who never had any other name that I know of, unless it was "Silly" David. For he was a mooncalf, and all the other children laughed at him.

A mooncalf? What is a mooncalf? If you want to know what a mooncalf really is, you will have to ask the Moon Angel.

David carried more wits about him than many another boy, but nevertheless everybody called him a mooncalf. None of the other children would play with him because he was so silly, and so he had always to help about the house, and to look after the baby when his mother was busy.

[1] From *The Garden Behind the Moon.* Copyright, 1895. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

He lived in a village that stood on the rocky shores of a great sea that stretched far, far away toward the east, so that whenever the moon was round and full there was the bright moon path reaching away from the dark earth to the shining disk in the east.

David loved the sea as a little lamb loves its mother, and oftentimes when the day was pleasant he would carry the baby down to the shore and sit there on the rocks in the sun and look out across the water. There he would sit hour after hour, and sing to himself and the baby, and think his own thoughts all to himself.

None of the other children were at all like him. They had brown freckled faces and shock heads and strong hands that were nearly always dirty. When they played with one another they would laugh and shout and romp like young colts, and tussle and roll over and over upon the grass.

Poor little David would sometimes stand looking at them wonderingly. He would have liked to play with them, but he could not because he was only a mooncalf and so simple.

Sometimes the little boys and even the little girls would laugh at him because he was so foolish, and had a pale face and pale blue eyes, and nursed the baby. Sometimes, indeed, they called him simpleton, and sometimes they called him nurse-a-baby.

But there was one in the village who neither laughed at David nor called him mooncalf. That was Hans Krout, the cobbler. For Hans Krout also was moonstruck. Some of the people of the village used to say that he knew less than nothing, and I dare say what they said was true enough, — only sometimes it takes more wits to know less than nothing than to know more than a little.

Yet, in spite of what folks said, Hans Krout did know something. He knew more about the moon path, and the Moon Angel, and the moon itself than almost anybody.

Little David was very fond of Hans Krout, and when he was not helping his mother, or nursing the baby, or sitting by himself down among the rocks, he used to be in the cobbler's shop watching Hans Krout cobble shoes.

This is how Hans Krout would do it.

He always sat on a bench that had a leather seat to it and a box at one side. The box was full of brads, and wax ends, and cobblers' wax, and shoe pegs, and this and that and what not and the other. Hans Krout would take up a shoe and put into it a wooden foot that he called a last. Then he would fit a piece of sole leather to the upper and tack it down to the sole of the wooden last.

Then he would hold the shoe and all tight between his knees with a strap that went down under his foot. Then he would take his crooked awl and drive it in through the leather sole and out through the upper. Then he would stick the two bristles of the wax end into the hole he had made. Then stretching his arms and drawing the thread about his little fingers, that were always black with shoemakers' wax, he would give a grunt and draw the thread tight.

That is the way he would sew the shoes; this is the way he would drive the pegs.

He would make a hole with his awl in the sole of the shoe. Then he would stick a little wooden peg into it. Then, rap-tap-tap, he would drive in the peg with his queer, round-faced hammer, and there the peg would be as tight as wax. Then by and by, he would take his knife and trim off the tops of all the wooden pegs he had

driven into the shoe, and rub down the sole till it shone like glass. Yes, indeed; it is a very wonderful thing to see.

But it was not altogether the shoe cobbling that brought David to the cobbler shop. Hans Krout had a fiddle, and he could play you a tune so sweet and thin and clear that it would make your throat fill up with happiness to listen to him. When he was not busy he used to play the fiddle to David, and David would sit and listen and listen, and the baby would suck its thumb and go to sleep.

But it was not altogether the fiddle either that brought David to the cobbler shop; for the most wonderful thing about Hans Krout was that he was as full of stories as an egg is full of meat. He could tell you about princes and princesses, and kings and nobles, and lords and giants and hobgoblins, by the hour and by the day, when he was not busy cobbling shoes.

But even this was not the best, for Hans Krout knew ever so much more than these things. He knew all about the Moon Angel and the moon path and the moon garden and the moon house, and he would sometimes tell the little boy about them. That was the most wonderful of all, for all the other things were only fairy tales, but what he told about moonshine was real.

"Were you ever out along the moon path yourself?" said David.

"Yes," said Hans Krout. "As true as I sit here. I did n't know how to travel the moon path at first, for I had n't learned the trick."

"I wish you 'd show me how to walk on the moon path some time," said David.

"So I will," said Hans Krout, "if you 'll be a good boy and mind the baby." Rap-tap-tap! and he drove another peg. Then David heard his mother calling, and he knew he had to go home.

"Mooncalf!" called Tom Stout, as he went along the street. "Mooncalf! mooncalf! mooncalf!" called all the other boys and some of the little girls.

Little David looked over his shoulder and laughed. He did not mind how much they called him mooncalf now, for Hans Krout had promised to show him the way to the moon path, and if he was to play on the moon path, why of course he must be a mooncalf.

HOWARD PYLE

A DAY

ribbon	untied	flock
dominie	amethyst	stile

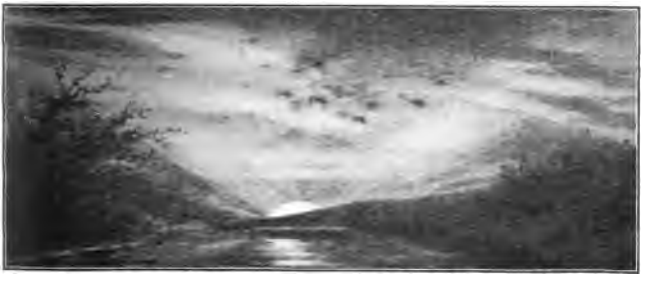
I 'll tell you how the sun rose,
  A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
  The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
  The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
  "That must have been the sun."

But how he set I know not, —
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

EMILY DICKINSON



LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Tell from what words each contracted word is made.

I 'll	we 're	don't	is n't
I 've	you 're	did n't	have n't
I 'm	can't	it 's	they 'll

THE BAT AND THE WEASEL

flight tumbling notice pardon
hate moment escaped

A Bat, trying to fly one day, fell to the ground, and a Weasel caught him. The Bat begged the Weasel not to kill him.

"There is nothing I hate like a bird," said the Weasel; "I always kill them."

"But I am not a bird," said the Bat, as he folded his wings close to his sides; "birds don't come tumbling down as I

did; and besides don't you see my little smooth head, and my ears?"

"Yes, yes," said the Weasel; "I did not notice them at first. I see you are a mouse." So he let him go.

Some time after this the Bat took another flight, and again fell to the ground; and another Weasel came out of his hole and caught him.

"Pray don't kill me," said the Bat.

"Certainly I shall," said the Weasel; "I kill mice wherever I find them."

"But stop a moment," said the Bat, spreading out his wings; "I am not a mouse. Don't you see my great wings? A mouse can't fly, can it?"

"I beg your pardon," said the Weasel; "I did not know that you were a bird; I thought you were a mouse. I see I was mistaken." Then he let him go.

So the wise Bat escaped a second time.

Adapted from *Æsop's Fables* by J. H. Stickney

IN SEARCH OF NO-WORK LAND

heather	mirrors	cowslips
arch	humble	obliged
shirk	furnished	shrieked
napkins	resolved	maidens

Dolly, Polly, and Molly were tired of three things, — tired of washing dishes, of dusting, and of setting the table. They resolved to seek a country where it was all play and no work.

They went west. They took a path that led through a meadow of golden cowslips, over a stile, across a stone bridge with a round arch, till they came to a dark wood.

A narrow winding path led through this wood. The path grew so dark as they went on that they were at last obliged to take their cats out of their baskets, in order that their eyes might light the way. (I need not remind you that cats' eyes are very bright in the dark.)

At last they came out into the sunniest, sweetest place possible. It was all shut in by the dark woods, and in the center stood a small house made of pink bricks and thatched with pink heather. A cage containing a pink parrot hung under the

thatch, and great pink sunflowers clustered around it. In front stood a row of three pink chairs.

The girls entered, and, wonder of wonders! the room was furnished with three small tables, each standing on a pink rug. On each table was a mug, a plate, a knife and fork, a spoon, a butter plate, a pitcher,

and a napkin. All these were pink. The napkins had a white ground with pink dots and pink fringe. On the wall hung three pictures, and in the window were three pink and white flowerpots.

Beyond this room was a second, and in this were three small beds, three washstands, three dressing tables with mirrors, and three hooks on the wall.

"This is the very place we are looking for," said Dolly. "It was made for us three." And they took off their bonnets and shawls, hung them on the three hooks, and then went out and sat down in the three chairs. Each took her cat.

As the sun came round the house they moved into the shade of the sunflowers.

"Ho! ho! here they come!" shrieked the pink parrot. And just at that moment they heard voices singing this song.

"Three jolly young farmers are we, ho! ho!
We plow and we plant and we hoe, ho! ho!

We go to bed early and we rise with the sun,
And we never think of stopping till our work
is done.
Ho! ho! we 're jolly, ho! ho!
It 's great fun to work,
We never want to shirk,
We work all the day
A-making of the hay,
It 's better fun than play.
With a ho! ho! ho! and a ho! ho! ho!
Three jolly young farmers are we, ho! ho!"

Pretty soon the three girls saw three little men coming up the path singing as they came. Each wore a smock frock and carried a pitchfork and a singing book.

They stopped when they saw the three girls, and lifted their hats.

"You are welcome, ladies," said Ted. "Will you be pleased to enter our humble home?" said Ned. "And sup with us?" added Jed, — for these were their names.

"Oh! we 've been in," replied Dolly. "And we're going to stay," added Polly.

"We and our cats," said Molly. "For we're tired of work," they all said together.

"*Stay!*" said Ned. "*Stay!!*" said Ted. "*Stay!!!*" said Jed. "Certainly," they cried all together; "we shall be pleased to have you, if you will do our housework. We are looking for housemaids."

At this Dolly, Polly, and Molly arose in great wrath. "Housework! That's just what we came to be rid of. Housework, indeed! No, we'll return to our home and our parents."

"That is the best thing you can do, ladies," replied Ned and Ted and Jed.

So the three little maidens picked up their cats, put on their bonnets and shawls, and went back through the dark woods and over the bridge and the stile to their home.

"Housework, indeed!" said they from under their bonnets.

FRANCES A. HUMPHREY

FOR THE LITTLE BOY WHO WILL NOT SAY "PLEASE"

respect	double	necessary
mortal	fashion	grabbed
throne	somersaults	lonesome

Once in a while there is a little boy who does not know how to say "Please" and "Thank you." I have even seen one who did not seem to care for any one or respect anybody. So I will tell you a story which shows how necessary it is that people should be respectful.

There was a time when all the men living on the earth were disrespectful. They never said "Please" or "Thank you," and they grabbed everything away from others, and no one cared for any one else.

At that time men were double. They had two faces, two pairs of arms, two pairs of legs, four hands, and four feet. Their bodies were round like a ball, and when they walked

they rolled over and over like a wheel, or more like a boy turning somersaults; heels over head, head over heels, hand over hand, they went bumping along in a most ridiculous fashion.

They were twice as strong as they are now, and they could run twice as fast, and climb any tree like a cat. They were very fierce, too, and so saucy to the gods that old Jupiter was almost afraid they would climb Mount Olympus and put the gods to flight. He trembled on his throne when he saw how strong and daring they were.

So Jupiter called Apollo and told him to take each mortal and cut him right down through the middle, so that he should have only one pair of legs and arms; and to smooth him out and pull the skin around him and tie it up and set his face straight and make him walk upright on two legs, so that he would be one man instead of a double man.

Jupiter told Apollo to teach him to be respectful also, and to tell him that if he did not treat the gods respectfully and love his fellow-men he would be sliced right in two again, so that he would have to go hopping around on one leg and have only one arm, one eye, and half a nose.

Now when men began to walk on two legs and to try to help themselves with two arms, they began to feel very lonesome for that other half that had always been with them; and they kept thinking about the other half, and that is the way men learned to care for each other and to think about other folks instead of thinking all the time about themselves.

I am afraid that the little boy who will not say "Please" will lose half of himself if he does not learn to be polite and kind.

From Mary E. Burt's *Stories from Plato*

TREASURE TROVE

nook	spy
plot	pains
wherefore	stooping

Through the forest idly,
As my steps I bent,
With a free and happy heart,
Singing as I went,

Growing in a shady nook
  A floweret I did spy,
Bright as any star in heaven,
  Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,
  Thus to me it said,
"Wherefore pluck me only
  To wither and to fade?"

Up with its roots I dug it,
  I bore it as it grew,
And in my garden plot at home
  I planted it anew,

All in a still and shady place,
  Beside my home so dear;
And now it thanks me for my pains
  And blossoms all the year.

GOETHE

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

hoary	abundance	brindled
dwell	goldfinches	lodging
hearth	adventures	opposite
cellar	doubt	obedient

There was a poor woodcutter who, with his wife and three daughters, lived in a little hut at the edge of a large forest. One morning, when he went out to his usual work, he said to his wife: "Let my dinner be brought by my eldest daughter, for I shall not be ready to come home until evening. That she may not lose her way, I will take with me a bag of seeds and strew them in my path."

When the sun was risen to the center of the heavens the maiden set out on her way, carrying a jug of soup. But the field and wood sparrows, the larks, blackbirds, goldfinches, and greenfinches had picked up the

seeds, so that the maiden could find no trace of the way. But she walked on till the sun set and night came on.

The trees rustled in the darkness, the owls hooted, and the girl began to feel afraid. All at once she saw a shining light at a distance among the trees. "People must dwell there," she thought, "who will keep me during the night"; and she walked towards the light.

In a short time she came to a cottage where the windows were all lighted up, and when she knocked at the door a hoarse voice called, "Come in."

The girl opened the door and saw a hoary old man sitting at a table with his face buried in his hands, and his white beard flowing over the table down to the ground. On the hearth lay three animals, — a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow. The girl told the old man her adventures and begged for a night's lodging.

The man said:

"Pretty Cock, pretty Hen,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What do you say now?"

"Cluck!" said the fowls; and as that meant they were satisfied, the old man said, "Here is abundance and to spare; go into the kitchen and cook some supper for us."

The girl found plenty of everything in the kitchen and cooked a good meal, but thought nothing about the animals. When the supper was ready she carried a full dish into the room, and sitting down opposite the old man, ate till her hunger was satisfied.

This done, she said, "I am very tired; where shall I sleep?"

The animals replied:

"An ungracious guest,
You have eaten your fill,
Without thought of us,
But we bear no ill-will;
You may stay here and rest."

Thereupon the old man said: "Step down the stairs and you will find a room containing a bed. You may cover it with two white sheets, and there you may sleep."

The maiden stepped down the stairs and found the room as the old man had said. She covered the bed with the sheets and then lay down upon it. After a while the old man came and looked at her, and when he saw that she was fast asleep, he opened a trapdoor and dropped her down into the cellar below.

Late in the evening the woodcutter went home, and scolded his wife because she had let him hunger all day long. "It is not my fault," she replied. "The girl was sent out with your dinner; she must have lost her way; but to-morrow, no doubt, she will return."

At daybreak the next morning the woodcutter got up to go into the forest, and told his wife to send the second daughter with

his dinner this time. "I will take a bag of peas," he said; "they are larger than corn seed, and the girl will therefore see them better, and not lose my track."

At noonday the girl set out with her father's dinner; but all the peas had disappeared, for the wood birds had picked them up as they had picked up the seeds on the day before. So the poor girl wandered about in the forest till it was quite dark, and then she also arrived at the old man's hut, was invited in, and begged food and a night's lodging.

The man of the white beard asked his animals again:

> "Pretty Cock, pretty Hen,
> And pretty brindled Cow,
> What do you say now?"

They answered, "Cluck!" and everything happened the same as on the previous day.

The girl cooked a good meal, ate and drank with the old man, but never once thought of the animals; and when she asked for her bed they made answer:

"An ungracious guest,
You have eaten your fill,
Without thought of us,
But we bear no ill-will;
You may stay here and rest."

As soon as she had gone to sleep the old man came, and, after looking at her and shaking his head as before, dropped her into the cellar below.

On the third morning the woodcutter told his wife to send their youngest child with his dinner. "For," said he, "she is always obedient and good; she will keep in the right path, and not run about like her sisters."

But the mother refused, and said, "Shall I lose my youngest child, too?"

"Be not afraid of that," said her husband; "the girl will not miss her way, she is too steady and prudent; but I will take beans to strew; they are larger than peas, and will show her the way better."

By and by, when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, she found that the wood pigeons had eaten up all the beans, and she knew not which way to turn. She was full of trouble, and thought with sorrow how her father would want his dinner, and how her dear mother would grieve when she did not return. At length, when it became quite dark, she also saw the lighted cottage, and, entering it, begged very politely to be allowed to pass the night there.

The old man asked the animals a third time in the same words:

"Pretty Cock, pretty Hen,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What do you say now?"

"Cluck, cluck!" said they. Thereupon the maiden stepped up to the fire, near which they lay, and fondled the pretty hen and cock, smoothing their plumage down with her hands, and stroking the cow between her horns.

Afterwards, when at the old man's request she had prepared a good supper, and had placed the dishes on the table, she thought to herself: "I must not satisfy my hunger until I have fed these good creatures. There is plenty in the kitchen; I will serve them first."

Thus thinking, she brought some corn and strewed it before the fowls, and then she gave an armful of hay to the cow. "Now, eat away, you good creatures," said she to them; "and when you are thirsty you shall have a cool, fresh draught." So saying she brought in a pailful of water; and the hen and cock perched themselves on its edge, put their beaks in, and then

drew their heads up as birds do when drinking; the cow also took a hearty draught.

After the animals were thus fed the maiden sat down at the table with the old man and ate what was left for her.

In a short time the hen and cock began to fold their wings over their heads, and the brindled cow blinked with both eyes. Then the maiden asked, "Shall we not also take our rest?"

The old man replied as before:

"Pretty Cock, pretty Hen,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What do you say now?"

"Cluck, cluck!" replied the animals, meaning:

"Dear courteous guest,
You ate not until
You had waited on us.
With hearty good will
We hope you will rest."

So the maiden went down the stairs, and shook up her feather bed, and laid on clean sheets. When it was ready she lay down, saying her prayers before she went to sleep.

She slept quietly until midnight. At that hour there began such a noise in the house that it awakened her. Presently there began a cracking and rumbling in every corner of the room, and the doors were slammed back against the wall.

Then the beams groaned as if they were being torn away from their fastenings, and the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in. Soon after that all was quiet, and the maiden, who was unharmed went quietly to sleep again.

When, however, the bright light of the morning sun awoke her, what a sight met her eyes! She found herself lying in a large chamber. On the walls were gold flowers growing on a green silk ground; the bed was of ivory, and the curtains of

red velvet. On a stool close by was placed a pair of slippers ornamented with pearls.

The maiden thought it was all a dream; but presently in came three servants, who asked her what were her commands. "Leave me," replied the maiden; "I will get up at once and cook some breakfast for the old man, and feed the pretty hen, the pretty cock, and the brindled cow." But when she went to feed the animals she found no one in the room but a handsome young man.

The young man said to her: "I am a king's son, who was long ago changed by a wicked old witch into the form of an old man, and condemned to live in the wood, with nobody to bear me company but my three servants in the form of a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow.

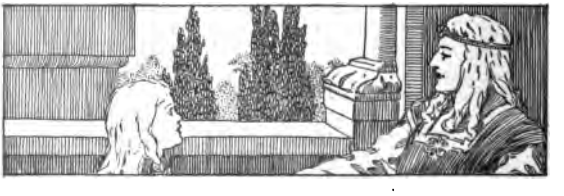
"The enchantment was not to end until a maiden should come who would be kind to my animals as well as to me; and such you have been; therefore, we were saved

through you, and the old wooden hut has again become my royal palace."

When he had thus spoken they arose, and the prince told his three servants to fetch the father and mother of the maiden, that they also might live in the palace.

"But where are my two sisters?" she asked. "I have put them into the cellar," said the prince, "and there they must stay till to-morrow morning, when they must go away and become servants. When they have reformed their tempers, and learned not to let poor animals suffer hunger, they too may live here."

Adapted from *Grimm's Fairy Tales* by SARA E. WILTSE in *Folklore Stories*



VIRGINIA DARE

huge	company	vessels
astir	christened	colony
prow	distant	sturdy
fawn	honored	briskly

On a quiet summer evening more than three hundred years ago a band of Indians stood on the shore of a lonely island.

Dark forests rose behind them and the great blue sea stretched out before them for miles and miles, far away to another land and another people.

Suddenly something huge and dark seemed to rise out of the water and like a bird moved quietly toward the land. Now another came, and another. These strange birds were sailing vessels and they bore a company of pale-faced brothers from a distant land across the sea. They were English people and they sought a home in the wonderful new land, Virginia.

From the ship's prow they looked out upon the dark forests with a sigh. But they were brave-hearted people, and the

very day they landed they went briskly to work to fell trees and clear away forests for their homes. It was not long before smoke curled from many a little chimney and rough log houses were filled with happy families.

And so the busy days passed on lonely Roanoke, for that was the name of the island.

The women cooked, washed, and mended; the men cleared, planted, and hunted.

You may be sure there was work enough, and the nine sturdy boys who had come with their fathers and mothers to the new land were busiest of all. They brought wood and water, gathered fruits, picked berries, and went fishing. I am sure no boys ever liked better to fish than did Robert, John, Ambrose, Thomas, George, and all the others who lived on Roanoke Island.

One bright August morning, about a month after the landing, the whole village was astir with strange good news. What do you think had happened? A dear little baby girl had come to have a home with these new people. She was very tiny and pink. The boys said she would be a jolly playmate if she were only a little bigger.

She was a wonderful baby, I can tell you, — this first English child born in America.

"What shall we name our baby?" That was the question that passed from house to house, for every one spoke of the new baby as "our baby."

Some said, "Let us call her Elizabeth for our honored queen across the sea." Others said: "No, let us name her for this beautiful new land. Let us call her Virginia."

That name pleased the baby's mother, and of course the baby's father was glad to have it all settled so easily.

The following Sabbath a happy band gathered in the little log cabin of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, to see the baby christened. The baby's godfather was also her grandfather, the kind and loving Governor White.

So on that quiet holy day, with prayer and thanksgiving to the kind Father in heaven who had visited the little colony with such a blessing, the wonderful baby was christened Virginia Dare.

But I think the Indian braves gave her even a prettier name. To them she was always the "White Fawn." She was very sweet and tender, and I hope they intended always to be kind and gentle to the little girl and her people.

Perhaps you are thinking: "Poor little Virginia Dare! born in a log cabin in a far-off island, in a land of fierce red men! Oh, how unhappy!" But I am sure no little baby could be more tenderly cared for than was this little girl of Roanoke.

To be sure she did not have any of the dainty things that mothers like to have for their babies nowadays. There were no soft blankets, no pretty dresses, no baby basket with sweet-smelling soap, powder, and brushes, and at first there was no cradle; but one day there came to the house the quaintest little log cradle you could ever imagine. This was the first gift from her playmates, the boys.

Then this little girl had curious playthings, — nuts from the hickories, cones from the pines, whistles from the swamp reeds, shells from the seashore, and many interesting toys that only boys can think of.

I wish I could tell you more of Virginia Dare; but now my story must come to a sad end.

One sorrowful day the little baby was hurried from her cradle into a boat and carried across the water to Croatan.

Here lived a friendly tribe of Indians, and to them the white people fled for refuge. The fierce red men had turned upon them and now they were again a homeless people. They found shelter with the Croatans, but we are told that never again did they come to Roanoke Island.

Years after other white people came to Roanoke. There they found only deserted homes. On a tree they found cut in large letters the word CROATAN.

The white people then tried to find the Roanoke settlers, but they had moved from Croatan Island and no one could tell where they had gone.

What became of Virginia Dare? Some say that she became an Indian princess. It may be. At least we hope the Indian braves were always kind and gentle to the little "White Fawn."

A. C. STEVENS

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Write answers to these questions:

Who was Virginia Dare?
What do you know about her life?
What name did the Indians give this little girl?

NATURE

For Memorizing

And midway betwixt heaven and us
  Stands Nature in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
  His glory in her mystic face.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

THE SHOWER

brimming	moisten
famished	unfold
refreshing	cordial

Fall, gentle rain, in blessed, brimming drops;
Cool with thy kiss the city's burning streets;
Moisten the meadows where the hot sun beats,
And fall refreshing on the thirsty crops.

The warm wind for thy cordial greeting stops;
The panting flock a merry welcome bleats;
The famished fields unfold a thousand sweets;
The grass bends dimpling on the mountain tops!

FRANK L. STANTON

JACKANAPES

addled	reared	instance
fuming	calmly	draggled
fussing	solitary	postman
monstrous	responsibility	

The gray goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk, for it was the year that the speckled hen for the first time in all her motherly life got out of patience when she was sitting.

She had been rather proud of the eggs, — they were unusually large, — but she never felt quite comfortable on them. Whether it was because she used to get a cramp and go off the nest, or because the season was bad, or what, she never could tell. Every egg was addled but one, and the one that did hatch gave her more trouble than any chick she had ever reared.

It was a fine, downy, bright yellow little thing, but it had a monstrous big nose and

feet, and such an ungainly walk as she knew no other instance of in her well-bred and high-stepping family. And as to behavior, it was not that it was either quarrelsome or moping, but simply unlike the rest.

When the other chicks hopped and cheeped on the Green about their mother's feet, this solitary yellow one went waddling off on its own responsibility, and do or cluck what the speckled hen would, it went to play in the pond.

It was off one day as usual, and the hen was fussing and fuming after it, when the postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying, "Baby! baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!"

If the postman loved anything on earth, he loved the captain's yellow-haired child;

so propping Miss Jessamine against her own doorpost, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green.

Jackanapes had had the start of the postman by nearly ten minutes. The world — the round, green world with an oak tree on it — was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously but in vain, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was troubled with a nurse.

Now he was his own master, and might, by courage and energy, become the master of that delightful, downy, dumpy, yellow thing that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him. Forward! Charge! He aimed well and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious downiness and dumpiness slipping through his fingers as he fell upon his face. "Quawk!" said the yellow thing, and wobbled off sideways.

It was this movement that enabled Jackanapes to come up with it, for it was bound for the pond, and therefore obliged to come back into line. He failed again from top-heaviness, and his prey escaped sideways as before, and as before lost ground in getting back to the direct road to the pond.

At the pond the postman found them both, one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond the duckweed, and the other washing his draggled frock with tears, because he too had tried to sit upon the pond, and it would n't hold him.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Use these words in sentences.

unusually	moping	escaped
monstrous	vigorously	energy
ungainly	direction	deliver
delicious	direct	solitary
patience	aimed	draggled

THE YOUNG MOUSE

cupboard	roam	resided
construct	sedate	securely
excursion	cheese	horrible
convinced	exquisite	requires

In a crack near a cupboard, with dainties
provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother
resided;

So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day this young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her gray sedate parent expressed some surprise.

"O mother!" said she; "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse,
And those tales can't be true which you always are telling.
For they've been at the pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I 'm sure that we should there have nothing to fear,
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such crannies as these
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they 've provided us well,
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;

'T was so nice, I had put my head in to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child!" said her mother; "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a horrible cheat.
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good;
They would catch us and kill us all there if they could,

"As they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return."
Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER

palms	regiment	cannon
alarm	protection	liberty
sword	astonished	adorned
crescent	governor	served

It was the summer of 1776, in South Carolina. The June breeze was lifting the green leaves of the palms and stirring the branches of the dark pines. The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers.

All this was beautiful and dear to the people of Charleston, but they were in great alarm. Out in the harbor Sir Peter Parker, with his big war ships, was doing his best to batter down the little fort which was the only protection of the city.

From the walls of the fort a blue banner was flying, adorned with a white crescent and the word "Liberty." During the worst of the battle the staff was shot away, and down went the flag outside the walls.

They were all brave men who were fighting for their country that hot June day, but there was one soldier who was called the bravest of the brave.

When the flag fell this young fellow leaped out on the beach. There lay the

piece of blue at the other end of the fort. With shot and shell flying fast, he walked over to the flag, tore it from its broken staff, and came calmly back; then, climbing

up, he fastened the banner to a new pole and unfurled it to the breeze. After giving three cheers he went quietly back to his cannon, which he served the rest of the day.

This soldier who was so quiet and so brave in time of great danger was young Sergeant Jasper.

The following day hundreds of people came down from the town to visit Fort Sullivan and to praise Colonel Moultrie and his gallant men. Among the visitors was Governor Rutledge.

"Send for Sergeant Jasper," said the governor when he had shaken hands with Moultrie and his officers; "I want to see this brave young fellow."

Sergeant Jasper modestly stood before the governor.

"I thank you, my brave sergeant, in the name of South Carolina, for saving the flag of your regiment," said Governor Rutledge.

Then taking his own handsome small sword which hung at his side, the governor gave it to the astonished Jasper, saying, "Take this as a reward for your bravery and an incitement to further deeds of valor."

From BLAISDELL AND BALL'S
Short Stories from American History

GOD'S LOVE

For Memorizing

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

I find earth not gray but rosy,
  Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
  Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

ROBERT BROWNING

A TRAGIC STORY

sage	handsome	pigtail
yore	dangling	mystery
twist	twirl	steadily

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
  Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he 'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
  Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found, —
I'll turn me round"; he turned him round;
  But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin —
  The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down and in and out
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
  Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
  The pigtail hangs behind him.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK

miserly	travelers	readily
circle	weariness	joined
shelter	beckoned	seizing

service hillock

A tailor and a goldsmith were walking one evening, and when the sun had sunk behind the hills they heard the sound of

distant music, which became clearer and clearer. The music was so bright and lively that, forgetting their weariness, the two walked on and on.

The moon had risen when they arrived at a hillock on which they saw a number of little men and women, who had joined hands and were whirling round in a dance with great spirit and delight, singing in the sweetest manner possible and making the music which the travelers had heard.

In the middle stood an old man, taller than the others, who wore a coat of many colors and a long iron-gray beard.

The two stopped, full of wonder, and looked at the dancers, when the old man beckoned to them to join the circle, which opened readily to receive them. The goldsmith stepped in; but the tailor, feeling shy at first, held back till he saw how merry the circle was, when he took heart and also joined in the dance.

The circle closed again directly and the little folk began to sing and dance in the wildest manner, while the old man, taking a broad-bladed knife which hung at his girdle, sharpened it, and when it was fit looked round at the strangers. They became frightened, but they had no time to consider; for the old man, seizing the goldsmith and then the tailor, quickly shaved off both their beards and their hair.

They were no longer afraid when the old man, having done his work, tapped them both on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say that he was pleased with them. Then he pointed with his finger toward a heap of coals which stood on one side, and showed them by signs that they should fill their pockets with them. Both obeyed, though neither of them could see of what service the coals would be to them; then they went on to find a night's lodging.

Just as they came to the next valley the clock of a church near by struck twelve, and at the same moment the singing ceased, the hill lay alone in the moonshine, and the little men and women sank completely out of sight.

The two found a shelter and, making a straw couch, covered themselves with their coats, but forgot to take the coals out of their pockets. A heavy weight pressed upon their limbs, and when they awoke in the morning and emptied their pockets they could not trust their eyes, for they saw that they were filled not with coals but with pure gold. Their hair and beards had also grown to their former length during the night. They were now quite rich, but the goldsmith was half as rich again as the tailor, because he was greedy and had put more in his pockets.

Now the more a miserly man gets the more he wants, and so the goldsmith, after

a day or two, asked the tailor to go with him and get more gold from the old man of the mountain.

The tailor refused, saying, "I have enough and am satisfied; now I will marry and be a happy man." In the evening the goldsmith took a couple of bags and set out on his road to the hillock. He found the little folk singing and dancing as before. The old man, looking at him with a smile, treated him the same as before, and pointed to the heap of coals.

The goldsmith made haste to fill his pockets. He went home in high glee and went to bed covered with his coat. "Although the gold is very heavy," said he to himself, "I will bear it patiently." So he went to sleep in the sweet belief that in the morning he would awake a rich man.

Judge, therefore, what was his surprise when, in the morning, he searched in his pockets and drew out only black coals,

and nothing else. He ran to the pile of gold he had been given on his first visit to the little old man, and was filled with rage on finding it also turned to coal. He beat his forehead with his dirty hands, and then found out that his whole head was bald and smooth as his chin.

The good tailor, who then awoke, comforted the unhappy man as much as he could, and told him that since he had been his companion during his travels he would share his treasure and remain with him.

The tailor kept his word; but the poor goldsmith never had any money of his own again, and for the rest of his life he had to cover his bald head with a wig.

From SARA E. WILTSE'S *Folklore Stories*

THE SHADOWS

All up and down in shadow town
The shadow children go;
In every street you 're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
They play at hide-and-seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there 's always one
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you 'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
Your shadow mate is there.

Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black,
And fill your eyes with sleep.

F. D. SHERMAN

SPRING

For Memorizing

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there 's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

HENRY TIMROD

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

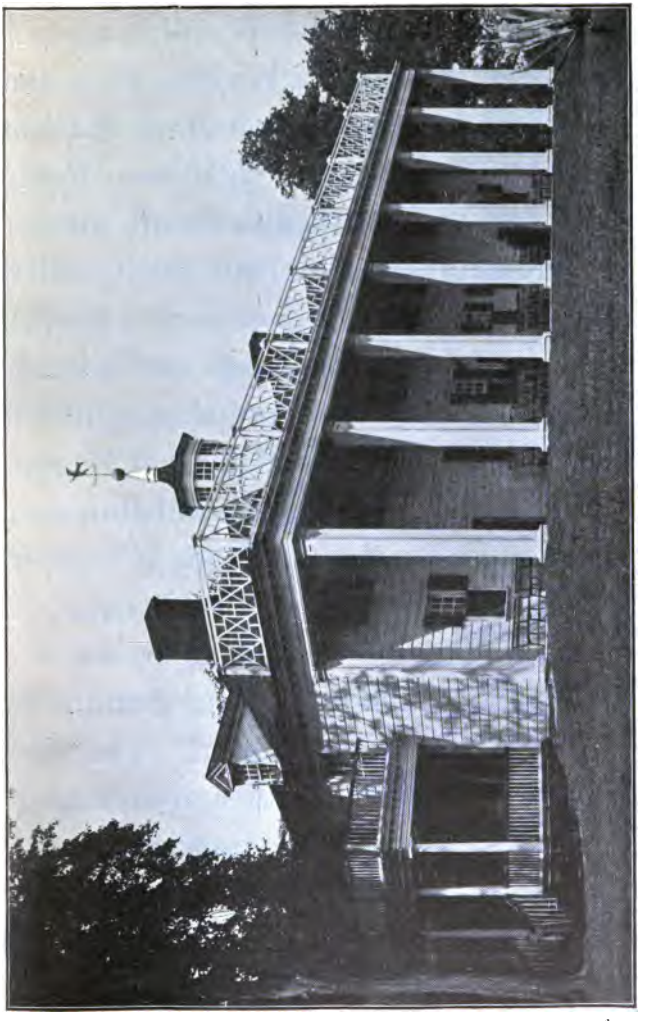
furniture	acres	orchards
mansion	coach	restore
national	foster	cupola
hydrangea	harpsichord	

On the Potomac River, sixteen miles below our national capital, is a lovely spot that every American boy and girl should visit. It is Mount Vernon, once the home of George Washington.

The entrance to this fine estate of eight thousand acres is near the old gateway used in Washington's time.

To the left as you enter and approach the mansion is the old flower garden surrounded by a boxwood hedge set out many years ago.

This garden is very interesting because many of the plants and shrubs were gifts to Washington from noted men and are of great age. An hydrangea was planted by



Lafayette; not far away is a big sago palm which was growing in Washington's time. Then there are the famous Mary Washington roses. They were brought from France, and named by Washington for his mother.

In front of the old mansion is a large lawn; in the rear are orchards, gardens, a deer park, and numerous outbuildings.

The barn was built more than a hundred years ago, of bricks brought from England. In the coach house is Washington's carriage, known as the "lost coach." It was found and restored to Mount Vernon only a few years ago.

About fifty years ago our grandfathers and grandmothers, who were then school children, gave five cents apiece that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association might buy this famous home and restore to it much of its furniture. Many of the rooms are thought to look as they did in 1797, when Washington retired from public life.

The mansion itself is a rambling old house with a broad piazza, tall square pillars, sloping roof, and quaint cupola and weather vane.

On the first floor is the music room. The old-time piano, or harpsichord, was bought in London and cost one thousand dollars. It was a gift from Washington to pretty Nellie Custis, his foster child.

One of Washington's great delights was to have Nellie play for him. Like many other girls, she used to cry because she had to practice several hours a day.

On the same floor is the banquet room. How many great men have crossed its threshold! The beautiful mantel was carved in Italy and sent from London as a present. As the story goes, the vessel in which the marble was brought across the ocean was captured by pirates; but on learning that the stone was for Washington, they sent it on its way.

Here are also choice pieces of furniture, costly dishes of china and glass, Lady Washington's beautiful ivory fan, and many other interesting objects. Indeed, it would take a long summer's afternoon to see all that belonged to General Washington.

But the spot which touches us most is the south bedroom on the second floor, for it was here that Washington died. The bed upon which he lay is in its old place in the corner. On a mahogany table lies the Bible which Lady Washington was reading to him only a few hours before his death.

From Blaisdell and Ball's
Short Stories from American History

WASHINGTON'S RULES

Think before you speak.
Always speak the truth.
Always do your best.
Obey your father and mother.

A BOY WHO LOVED BIRDS

Paris	thither	interested
trill	natural	statement
bough	atlas	Louisiana

John James Audubon, — that was the little boy's name.

He was born in Louisiana, where there are many beautiful birds. It is warm in Louisiana, and there was never a time when this little boy could not watch the birds flying hither and thither.

He was hardly more than seven years old before he knew the names of them all. He knew where they lived, the kinds of nests they built, the kinds of eggs they laid in their nests, and all about the baby birds that peeped out from the eggs.

"Where has the child learned so much?" people used to ask.

But the little boy would say, "Why, I watch them, that 's all."

His father was glad to see his son interested in the birds, and so helped him in every way he could.

He bought the boy large and beautifully colored pictures of birds and also books that told all about them. These pictures the little boy would fasten to the walls of his room, where he could see them always.

"I can almost hear them sing," he used to say. "My beautiful birds!"

And you may be sure that the boy knew the song of every one of them when he heard them singing in the forests.

When Audubon was ten years old his father sent him to France to study in one of the best schools in Paris.

Now France is a beautiful, sunny country, and in Paris there are many wonderful and beautiful things to be seen. But of them all it was the birds — the new birds — that the boy cared most for. He bought new books about birds, and new pictures,

— all of birds, — and with the pictures he lined the walls of his little room again.

He learned there to stuff birds and mount them; but he would never shoot a bird, and so his collection did not grow very fast.

Then, too, the boy did not enjoy stuffed birds. "They stand so still," he said; "it is not natural. I want to see them happy. I want to see them hopping and flying from bough to bough. I want to see their little heads turn from side to side; and, most of all, I want to hear their songs."

While Audubon was at school in France he learned to paint.

"Now," said he, "I can paint pictures of my birds." But again he was disappointed. "Nobody," he said, "can ever put the wonderful bird colors on paper."

On each birthday Audubon would look through the pictures he had made during the year, and nearly always he would throw them away. But all this time he was

learning. Each year the bird pictures grew better. Still he was never satisfied with them; and so, when he became a man, he went again to Paris and took lessons of a great painter.

"Yes," he would say, when people admired his work; "but one trill from their little throats is better than the best picture that ever was painted."

By and by Audubon came back to America, and this time he went to Pennsylvania to live. Here there were thousands of birds in the deep forests.

"I must tell the world about birds," said Audubon. So he set to work. Day in and day out he would watch them. Sometimes he would take a boat and row off down a river. Then all the day long he would sit very still, so that the birds might not be frightened, and watch them. At last he made his book. It was a beautiful book, and all the pictures in it Audubon painted himself.

Every one praised the book. Bird students said there had never been anything like it, and every one who loved birds and wanted to know about their lives admired it.

It was a very large book, as large as the largest atlas you ever saw. This gave the author room to paint the birds life size, and to tell all about them. No one had ever told so much about birds before. No one had ever known so much to tell.

Audubon's book became the authority on birds; that is, it became the one book that every one goes to if he wants to be sure whether or not a statement about a bird is true. If Audubon says so, then there is no doubt that it is so. So all the world speaks of Audubon as "the authority on birds."

While Audubon was writing his book he was very happy, for he loved the birds and they loved him.

THE MONTHS

January	May	September
February	June	October
March	July	November
April	August	December

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thundershowers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast—
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE

JOHNNY AND LITTLE GRAY HEN

extremely	chase	snatched
conduct	quarreling	impolite
common	thoughtfully	scarcely
expect	poked	popped

Johnny ran out to the barn one day. It was a lovely day. The sunshine was as bright as gold, the sky was as blue as the eyes of baby kittens, and the grass was as green as grass could be. Johnny was singing a little song; but he stopped suddenly and began to laugh. And no wonder; for, looking up, he saw the head of Daisy, the cow, poked through the bars of her stall, and standing on it, right between the horns, was Little Gray Hen.

"Why, what are you doing up there?" asked Johnny.

Little Gray Hen looked thoughtfully down at him for a moment, and then she said: "Well, I don't mind telling you, for

you are a pretty good boy, as boys go; you never, as bad boys do, throw stones at me, or chase me about, or mock me when I try

to sing. The fact is, the hens and chickens in the hen yard are so fussy and noisy, and they keep up such a silly clucking

and scratching and quarreling from morning till night, that a ladylike hen finds it very disagreeable to stay among them. And they are extremely rude and impolite, and don't begin to know what good manners are.

"And so, this morning, when Big Gray Hen snatched a worm away from me, and Speckled Hen said her dress was much more fashionable than mine, and those mischievous chicks of Bantam Hen came slyly behind me and pulled out three of my prettiest feathers, I declared I would n't stand it any longer. I would look for another boarding place. Their conduct made me ashamed of being a hen.

"And I called on Daisy and told her how they acted, and she said (she feels very lonely, you know, since she lost her calf) that she would be glad of my company, and that I was welcome to live on her head as long as I liked. And I've been

here now two hours, — far above those common fowls, as I have always thought I ought to be, and it is so nice and quiet that I think I shall stay here all the rest of my life."

"I don't think you will," said Johnny; and he began to laugh again as he ran away to the hen yard to tell the hens what he had seen in the barn.

There was a barrel turned upside down in one corner of the yard, and on this Johnny climbed, scratching both his legs on the hoops as he did so; but, bless you, boys don't care anything about a few scratches! And when he was safely seated on it he called the fowls, and they came flocking about him thinking he had something for them to eat.

But Johnny showed them his empty hands, and then told them about Little Gray Hen and the cow. And when he had told them he said: "And why do you

behave so badly that Little Gray Hen cannot stay where you are? Why do you make her ashamed of being a hen?"

"Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!" answered Big Gray Hen. "I guess we behave just as all hens have behaved ever since the first one came out of an egg, — no better and no worse; and what's more, we behave as well as we know how. Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! Do you?"

She popped off this question so suddenly that Johnny nearly fell off the barrel. But he jerked himself back again and said, — he was a truthful little fellow, — "I 'm afraid I don't."

"Well, then, what can you expect from us?" asked Big Gray Hen.

"Please, ma'am," said Johnny, "I don't expect anything. And I should never have thought of finding fault with you had it not been for Little Gray Hen."

"Little Gray Hen, indeed!" repeated Speckled Hen, scornfully. "It seems to me the smaller hens are the bigger they think themselves."

"Is that meant for me?" said Bantam Hen, ruffling her feathers.

"Pray don't stop to quarrel, you two," begged Brown Hen; "but come on and let's all go to see this stuck-up thing who thinks herself so much above us."

"Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! She's not so high but that she'll come down when—" began Big Gray Hen.

"When?" asked the other hens.

"When she's hungry," said Big Gray Hen. "I've known—cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!—a good many airs put on just after breakfast put off just before dinner."

After which wise remark away they all started in a great hurry for Daisy's stall; but they had scarcely reached there before

Johnny's grown-up sister came out of the house with a pan full of corn and called loudly, "Here, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick!"

At the very first sound of her voice the hens and chickens turned about again in a greater hurry than ever; but as fast as they ran — and they ran as fast as they could — none of them reached the hen yard as soon as Little Gray Hen.

"It was pleasant enough living upon Daisy's head," she said to Johnny as she went to roost that night; "but you see there was nothing to eat up there. And I think, after all, it is best for a hen to try to get along with her own relations."

MARGARET EYTINGE

Be kind and be gentle
  To those who are old,
For dearer is kindness,
  And better, than gold.

ANONYMOUS

THE MOUSE'S REVENGE

wretch	clang	reasons
strand	tough	injure
doze	frantically	sullen
dizzy	staggered	prevent

admiring tremendous

There was once a Mouse who lived up in the tall steeple of a church. It was really a pleasant place to live in for many reasons. It was quiet, the air was good, the view very beautiful, and there were no cats there.

In fact, only one thing troubled the Mouse, and as he grew older it troubled him more and more. And that was the Bell, — a big, sullen-looking iron Bell, which hung in the tower. It was rung every night at nine, and the noise it made was dreadful.

The Mouse talked to the Bell again and again, and told him rudely to "hold his tongue," but it was of no use. Each night, just as he had sunk into his first doze,

"Clang! clang!" would go the Bell. "Nine o'clock, nine o'clock!" it seemed to say; and the poor Mouse would wake up, shivering with terror.

"Suppose it is nine o'clock," he would sob; "you can't prevent its being nine o'clock, and what are you going to do about it?" But the bell had a heart of iron and was not touched.

One evening the Mouse climbed directly on the Bell itself, and sat there admiring the sunset. He became drowsy and, quite forgetting where he was, fell fast asleep.

He was awakened by a most horrible noise. He felt the ground, as he thought, rock beneath him. Suddenly he remembered where he was, that it was nine o'clock, and that the Bell was beginning its nightly duty.

"Clang, clang!" it said.

The poor Mouse jumped frantically from one side to the other, and screamed: "Stop!

stop! Let me get off." But it did not stop, and, at last, becoming dizzy, he staggered, lost his footing, and fell.

Down, down, down he went, striking on the stone floor of the tower, many feet below. He was not killed, but he was much bruised. All through the long night he lay there, and got up the next morning feeling stiff and miserable, and very, very angry.

"I will punish that wicked bell," he said. "I can't bite him; that I know, for I tried to once and could n't. His skin is fearfully tough. I wish he would fall, just as I did, the heartless monster!" he sobbed.

But suddenly his sobs ceased and his eyes brightened, for an idea had come to him. The Bell, of course, he could not bite, but how about that rope above it and on which it hung?

"If I gnaw through that, the Bell will fall. Hurrah!" he squealed, and at once began his work. Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, went

the sharp little teeth, and before long a tiny strand snapped. He stopped for a moment and laughed.

"Stop gnawing, you small wretch, or I will punish you!" roared the Bell.

"Oh, no; you can't hurt me," said the Mouse; and the Bell, feeling that this was

so, trembled with rage, knowing that he was powerless, although big and strong, and with a tongue mightier than any pen.

"You can't even speak till nine o'clock to-night," said the Mouse; "and it shall be my pleasing duty to see that even then

you remain silent." And he chuckled in great glee.

Then he began again: gnaw, gnaw, gnaw. Snap! went another strand, and before very long the rope gave way entirely, and down went the big Bell with a tremendous crash that seemed to shake the very building.

But oh, little Mouse! poor little Mouse! how did it happen? With it he fell, too. He had been sitting on the Bell, you know, and had gnawed the rope above his head. When that broke down came the Bell, and he being on it had to come too.

Some men, hearing the crash, rushed up the stairs to see what had happened. They found the Bell on the stone floor, broken in many pieces, while under it lay the poor Mouse quite, quite dead.

You see we can never injure others without danger of injuring ourselves.

ALICIA ASPINWALL

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

profit	thicket	compassion
blithe	splendor	descending
maize	wrestle	accomplished
visions	completed	desponding

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.
Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
"'T is enough," then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine." . . .

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten

Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mold soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

Adapted from HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Fill in the blanks with words.

Hiawatha and —— lived in —— ——.
Behind it —— —— —— forest.
Hiawatha loved ——.
Nokomis was —— ——.
He —— for —— ——.
—— fasted —— —— ——.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

For Memorizing

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

cawing	guilty	destroyed
tilled	parson	insidious
wrought	mercy	pillagers
bleat	gleaners	saddened
roguish	doomed	scarecrow

It was Spring a hundred years ago in Killingworth. The brown trees had changed their sober dresses for robes of tender green. The happy streamlet leaped and danced as it rushed from its rocky steep.

Nesting time had come again. Lark and Linnet, Robin and Bluebird were building. The blossoming orchards were filled with their merry glee. The hungry blackbird and cawing crow flew here and there in busy crowds. In wood and field, orchard and garden,— everywhere were happy birds speaking their own strange, sweet language.

But the thrifty farmers as they tilled their fields heard with alarm the cawing

of the crows. "Alas!" they said; "now our fields will be again laid waste. Here come the saucy thieves. The scarecrow they no longer fear. What can we do? A price must be set upon their guilty heads."

And so the word was passed from house to house: "The race of birds must be destroyed, and that straightway."

And then a great meeting was called. The great townhall was filled. The village folk and country folk were there. The squire, the farmers from the country round about, the common folk from off the village street, — all came to tell the woes the birds had wrought. Was ever held so strange a meeting?

Now the squire in splendid robes rose before the great company. No word of mercy spoke he for the birds, the roguish crow, the blackbird, and the jay. The parson came next; and when all had done the people cried, "The birds must be destroyed."

It was like the roar of angry waters upon the wave-beaten shore, — "The birds must be destroyed."

In all the company was there no friend to speak for the birds? Yes; in that great hall one stood apart, and when all had spoken — the squire, the parson, and the deacon — the teacher of the village school, the friend of children, birds, and living things, arose in his place; and this is what he said:

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
  Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
  Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
  Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
  Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
  Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
  Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
  They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
  And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
  Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

With this he closed. A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves passed over the great company. Some laughed and nodded, others shook their heads. 'T was hard to tell what would be done. Many were willing that the birds should live.

Again the squire spoke. The birds were doomed. A bounty was offered for the heads of crows. And then the dreadful massacre began. The fields, orchards, and woodland

were one great scene of terror. Dead fell the birds everywhere. Some, wounded, crept away from the sight of man.

The young birdlings, with no loving mother to care for them, died of hunger in their nests.

> All the birds were dead.
> Silence reigned in wood and field.

Summer came in Killingworth. In field, forest, and garden hosts of insects swarmed. In orchards myriads of caterpillars crawled. From branches overhead spun down the cankerworm on passers-by. Tall trees and tender shrubs stretched their leafless boughs to heaven. The days were hot, the very ground seemed burned to ashes. The great land was a desert without leaf or shade.

Then came the Autumn, but no harvest days for Killingworth. The broad fields were a barren waste. Here and there a few last leaves rattled restlessly upon their

lonely boughs. The wind wailed piteously through the naked tree tops. Everything seemed mourning the lost children of the air.

The Winter passed and Springtime came. The thrifty farmers again bethought themselves of field and garden. With saddened hearts they knew that hope was gone. Visions of hateful insects filled the air. Desert fields stretched out in endless waste. What could be done?

Even while they mourned the sweet songsters of the field a strange sight appeared upon the village street. A wagon overarched with green rolled slowly down the way. Upon the branches were cages filled with singing birds. What a sight! The cages were opened. Away flew the birds to piny woods, to orchards, — the places they loved best. The air was filled with music wild and sweet.

The people said such lovely music never had been heard in any land. The joyous

songs filled all hearts and on that lovely day in Spring

A new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Adapted from LONGFELLOW

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

THE LAMPLIGHTER[1]

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left
the sky;
It 's time to take the window to see Leerie
going by;
For every night at tea time and before you
take your seat,

[1] From *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Copyright, 1896. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa 's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I 'm to do,
O Leerie, I 'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh, before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HALF-DONE POLLY

whether	vases	tempered
finishing	pincers	confusion
entertained	horrid	petticoat
bleeding	forlorn	provoking

She was Miss Polly Oliver, a dear friend of mine, who was eight years of age last March. I truly hope that you are as good-tempered and willing to help your friends as she was. But she had a bad habit of only half finishing whatever she began to do, and whether she was working or playing it was always the same, for she was apt to say, "Oh, that's well enough," or "I'll do the rest by and by." You can have no idea what forlorn-looking creatures her dolls were, and Mrs. Elizabeth Adora, the best doll, was served no better than the others.

Miss Polly began one day to make her a Turkish jacket, and she carefully basted it together, all but the right sleeve, which she

did not even stop to cut out; then she began to embroider it. First she thought she would put in the yellow, but when she had done part of the way around she thought red would be better to work with, so she tried that, and got tired of it, and tried the blue silk, and it was the most ragged-looking jacket when she left it that ever a best doll had. Not one of the dolls ever was ready to go anywhere, and the baby house was always in confusion.

Miss Polly was, of course, a shocking housekeeper; and yet sometimes of a rainy morning she would begin to have a grand house cleaning, and would put all the dolls' furniture in a heap on the floor, pull all the family's winter clothes out of the little trunks and boxes, and lay out so much work for herself that it made you tired to look at it. And then, instead of putting things back in their places, she would find some plaything that had been lost for a

while, and away she would go with it to the garden or to her mother's room.

There was always something dreadful happening to my friend. She would come in with her face all scratched and bleeding the day before she was to give a party, and when everybody wondered how she came to have such a face, she would confess that one boot was not buttoned, and that she was running and it tripped her up.

My friend, Miss Polly, was a most remarkable dreamer, and the family were usually entertained at breakfast with the astonishing adventures she had met with during the night. Her dolls were as quiet as anybody's all day, but at night she insisted that they talked and behaved strangely.

This time she dreamed that her best doll, Mrs. Elizabeth Adora, called to her from the baby-house guest chamber, "Are you sound asleep, Miss Half-Done Polly?"

"Yes, dear," said that young lady.

"I should like to be taken to walk before dinner."

So Polly took her in her arms, noticing with shame the one-sleeved Turkish jacket embroidered halfway round, and the stockings that were no relation to each other; the

boot on one foot and the slipper on the other, and the petticoat and overskirt which did not belong together. She offered to stop and put on the doll's best dress, but Mrs. Elizabeth said she was in a hurry.

They went down the avenue, and just before they reached the gate Miss Polly heard a noise by a tall larch tree, and went to see what the matter was. Two robins were flying about in great distress, while three young ones lay upon the ground with their necks broken. She looked at the nest, or what was left of it. "Why, what a silly house you had! I could build a better one myself; any one might know it would come to pieces. It 's only half built, you foolish birds."

"You need n't say anything, Miss!" said the birds. "You do everything so well yourself, you know." And the doll smiled, and Miss Polly walked in as dignified fashion as possible out of the gate and down the street. A little way ahead she saw some boys standing around a cart that was all broken up. They looked very odd; their faces were dirty and their clothes half buttoned, and some had no jackets and

some had no shoes. They were usually very neat boys.

"What is the matter?" said one. "The man only half harnessed his horse and the cart ran against its heels and frightened it so it ran away. He is nearly killed, they say."

Soon they came to a house where Miss Polly often went, and the best doll said she wished to go in to call, but they found everything in a sad condition. There was no one in the parlor, which some one had begun to sweep, and then had gone off and left all dusty; and the vases and books and ornaments were all in confusion on the tables and chairs.

"When I went to bed last night," said the best doll, "the furniture of my whole house was in a heap together, and the kitten slept upon my best dress."

"Nobody spoke to you," said Miss Polly; and she hurried across the hall and found

the family in the dining room at breakfast. They were only half awake, and did not seem so glad to see a guest as usual, but one of the older children pushed up a chair and she sat down. "It is almost dinner time," said she. "Did n't you know it?"

"Who cares?" said Mrs. Hallet, who had always been so perfectly polite before. Miss Polly did not answer, but tried to eat one thing after another from the plateful they gave her, and nothing was good. "I believe that breakfast was only half cooked," said she, as she ran out feeling very hungry and miserable. She found a cent in her pocket and went into a shop for a stick of candy, but the woman only gave her half a one.

"It was a *whole* cent," said Polly to herself, sorrowfully, as she came away. "You old doll, I am having a horrid walk with you, and I shall never go again. I am not going another step."

"What is the use?" asked Mrs. Elizabeth Adora in the most provoking way. "You know that you might as well go on as go back. You could only get halfway home."

"I have a great mind to throw you into the river," said Miss Polly, much frightened and very angry.

"But you know I should only half drown," said the best doll. Miss Polly said to herself that even that would be better than nothing, and walked on.

Saddest of all, she now began to have the toothache. Her feet went slower and slower, and at last she had to sit down beside the road and hold her face with both hands. She saw a man coming toward her who proved to be Dr. Smith, the dentist. He was a very pleasant man, and he asked what the matter was, and looked at the little tooth and said: "Ho! that bit of a thing? I have some pincers in my pocket and I'll take care of it in a minute."

Poor Polly opened her mouth and the doctor began to pull slowly and very hard. "There, dear," said he; "don't scream any more; it's all right." But Polly felt it with her tongue.

"Oh, dear!" said she. "It isn't out, and it aches worse. Do pull it all out." But the doctor only answered, as he walked away, "That's the way we pull them all now."

"Is the world always going to be like this, Mrs. Elizabeth? I wish you would tell me what is the matter with everybody to-day."

"I should think it was easy to see. If you do not like having halves of things for an hour, how do you suppose we dolls like it all the time?"

"Wake up, Miss Polly; it's almost dinner time," said somebody. And she felt as if it were the first kind voice she had heard for a year.

"O Auntie!" said she; "I'm not going to be Half-Done Polly another day. I'm going to have things all done. I have had the most dreadful time."

"Tell me about it," said Aunt Kate with a smile, while Polly lingered for a minute at the dolls' house to give Mrs. Elizabeth Adora a sound whipping; but she looked so good-natured and so pretty, and the Turkish jacket was so mortifying, that she changed her mind. The first thing she found to do was to eat her dinner, and every bit of that disappeared; but whether it was because she was hungry, or on account of her talk with her mother, and the dream, I do not attempt to say.

But a good many weeks have gone by, and Miss Polly is growing to be a careful girl; and by the way she keeps on trying I think she means to be better still.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

From *Play Days*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING

giveth flesh doeth
endureth understanding

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he
is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
O give thanks unto the God of gods:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
O give thanks unto the Lord of lords:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
To him who alone doeth great wonders:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
To him that by understanding made
the heavens:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
To him that made great lights:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
The sun to rule by day:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
The moon and stars to rule by night:
For his mercy endureth for ever.

He giveth food to all flesh:
  For his mercy endureth for ever.
O give thanks unto the God of heaven:
  For his mercy endureth for ever.

From the Bible

THE RIVER

For Memorizing

The rain comes when the wind calls;
  The river knows the way to the sea;
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
  Blessing all lands with its charity;
The sea tosses and foams to find
  Its way up to the cloud and wind.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE SEARCH FOR A GOOD CHILD

willingly	bade	shields
decided	guide	bundle
messages	court	halted

Long, long ago there lived, in a kingdom far away, five knights, who were so good and so wise that each one was known by a name that meant something beautiful.

The first was called Sir Brian the Brave; for he was afraid of nothing under the sun.

The second knight was Gerald the Glad, who was so happy himself that he made everybody around him happy, too.

Sir Kenneth the Kind was the third knight, and he won his name by his tender heart. Even the creatures of the wood knew and loved him, for he never hurt anything that God had made.

The fourth knight had a face as beautiful as his name, and he was called Percival

the Pure. He thought beautiful thoughts, said beautiful words, and did beautiful deeds, for he kept his whole life as lovely as a garden full of flowers without a single weed.

Tristram the True was the last knight, and he was leader of them all.

The king of the country trusted these five knights; and one morning in the early springtime he called them to him and said: "My trusty knights, I am growing old, and I long to see in my kingdom many knights like you to take care of my people; and so I will send you through all my kingdom to choose for me a little boy who may live at my court and learn from you those things which a knight must know. Only a good child can be chosen. A good child is worth more than a kingdom. And when you have found him, bring him, if he will come willingly, to me, and I shall be happy in my old age."

Now the knights were well pleased with the words of the king, and at the first peep of day they were ready for their journey, and rode down the king's highway with waving plumes and shining shields.

No sooner had they started on their journey than the news spread abroad over the country, and many fathers and mothers sent messengers to invite the knights to visit them.

The parents' messages were so full of praises of their children that the knights scarcely knew where to go. Some of the parents said their sons were beautiful; some said theirs were clever; but as the knights cared nothing for a child who was not good, they did not hurry to see these children.

North, south, east, and west the knights searched. At last, one afternoon, they halted under an oak tree to talk, and they decided to part company.

"Let each take his own way," said Tristram the True, "and to-morrow we will meet under this same tree and tell what we have seen; for the time draws near when we must return to the king."

Then they bade each other farewell, and each rode away, except Sir Tristram, who waited long under the oak tree; for he was the leader and had many things to think about.

Just as the sun was red in the west he saw a little boy coming towards him with a bundle of sticks on his back.

"Greeting to you, little boy," said he.

"Greeting to you, fair sir," said the boy, looking up with eager eyes at the knight on his splendid horse, that stood so still when the knight bade it.

"What is your name?" asked the knight.

"My name is little Gauvain," replied the child.

"And can you prove a trusty guide, little Gauvain, and lead me to a place where I may rest to-night?" asked the knight.

"Aye, that I can," Gauvain answered gladly, his whole face lighting up with pleasure; but he added quickly, "I can, if you will wait until I carry my sticks to Granny Slowsteps and bring her water from the spring; for I promised to be there before the setting of the sun."

Now little Gauvain wanted to help the good knight so much that he was sorry to say this; but Sir Tristram told him to run, and promised to wait patiently until his return; and before many moments Gauvain was back, bounding like a fawn through the wood, to lead the way to his own home.

When they came there the little dog ran out to meet them, and the cat rubbed up against Gauvain, and the mother called from the kitchen, "Is that my chicken

coming home to roost?" which made Gauvain and the knight both laugh.

Then the mother came out in haste to welcome the stranger; and she treated him with honor, giving him the best place at the table and the hottest cakes.

She and little Gauvain lived all alone, for the father had gone to the wars when Gauvain was a baby, and had died fighting for the king.

She had cows, horses, pigs, hens, chickens, and a dog and a cat, and one treasure greater than a kingdom, for she had a good child in her house.

Sir Tristram found this out very soon, for little Gauvain ran when he was called, remembered the cat and dog when he had eaten his own supper, and went to bed when he was told, without fretting, although the knight was telling of lions and bears and battles, and everything else that little boys like to hear about.

Sir Tristram was so glad of this that he could scarcely wait for the time to come when he should meet his comrades under the oak tree.

"I have found a child whom you must see," he said, as soon as they came together.

"And so have I," cried Gerald the Glad.

"And I," exclaimed Kenneth the Kind.

"And I," said Brian the Brave.

"And I," said Percival the Pure; and they looked at each other in astonishment.

"I do not know the child's name," continued Gerald the Glad; "but as I was riding in the forest I heard some one singing the merriest song. And when I looked through the trees I saw a little boy bending under a heavy burden. I hastened to help him, but when I reached the spot he was gone. I should like to hear him sing again."

"I rode by the highway," said Sir Brian the Brave, "and I came suddenly upon a

crowd of great, rough fellows who were trying to torment a small black dog; and just as I saw them a little boy ran up, as brave as a knight, and took the dog in his arms and covered it with his coat. The rest ran away when I rode up, but the child stayed and told me his name — Gauvain."

"Why!" exclaimed Kenneth the Kind; "he is the boy who brings wood and water for Granny Slowsteps. I tarried all night at her cottage, and she told me of his kindness."

"I saw a lad at the spring near by," said Percival the Pure. "He hurried to fill his bucket, and some rude clown muddied the water as the child reached down; but he spoke no angry words, and waited patiently till the water was clear again. I should like to find his home and see him there."

Now Sir Tristram had waited to hear them all; but when Sir Percival had finished, he arose and cried, "Come, and I

will lead you to the child." And when the knights followed him, he led them to the home where little Gauvain was working with his mother, as happy as a lark and as gentle as a dove.

It was noonday, and the sun was shining brightly on the shields of the knights, and their plumes were waving in the breeze. When they reached the gate Sir Tristram blew a loud blast on a silver trumpet.

Then all the hens began to cackle, and the dog began to bark, and the horse began to neigh, and the pigs began to grunt; for they knew it was a great day. And little Gauvain and his mother ran out to see what the matter was.

When the knights saw Gauvain they looked at each other, and every one cried out, "He is the child!" And Tristram the True said to the mother: "Greeting to you! The king, our wise ruler, has sent us here to see your good child; for a good child is

more precious than a kingdom. And the king offers him his love and favor if you will let him ride with us to live at the king's court and learn to be a knight."

Little Gauvain and his mother were greatly astonished. They could scarcely believe that such a thing had happened; for it seemed very wonderful and beautiful that the king should send messengers to little Gauvain.

The mother answered the knights and said: "I cannot spare my good child from my home. The king's love is precious; but I love my child more than the whole world, and he is dearer to me than a thousand kingdoms."

Little Gauvain was so glad when he heard her answer that he looked again at the knights with a smiling face, and waved his hand to them as they rode away. All day and all night they rode, and it was the peep of day when they came to the king's

highway. Then they rode slowly, for they were sad because of their news; but the king rejoiced when he heard it, for he said, "Such a child, with such a mother, will grow into a knight at home."

The king's words were true; for when the king was an old, old man, Gauvain rode to his court and was knighted.

Gauvain had a beautiful name of his own then, for he was called "Gauvain the Good"; and he was brave, happy, kind, pure, and true. And he was beloved by all the people in the world, but most of all by his mother.

MAUD LINDSAY

NO BOY KNOWS[1]

realm	repeating	endless	locust
thirst	flagrant	drowse	odors
fared	parlor	truant	dewy

There are many things that boys may
know —
Why this and that are thus and so, —
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it;
Boys know new things every day —
When they study, or when they play, —
When they idle, or sow and reap. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen — or should, at least, —
May know that the round old earth rolls
east; —
And know that the ice and the snow and
the rain —
Ever repeating their parts again —

[1] From *The Book of Joyous Children.* Copyright, 1902. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

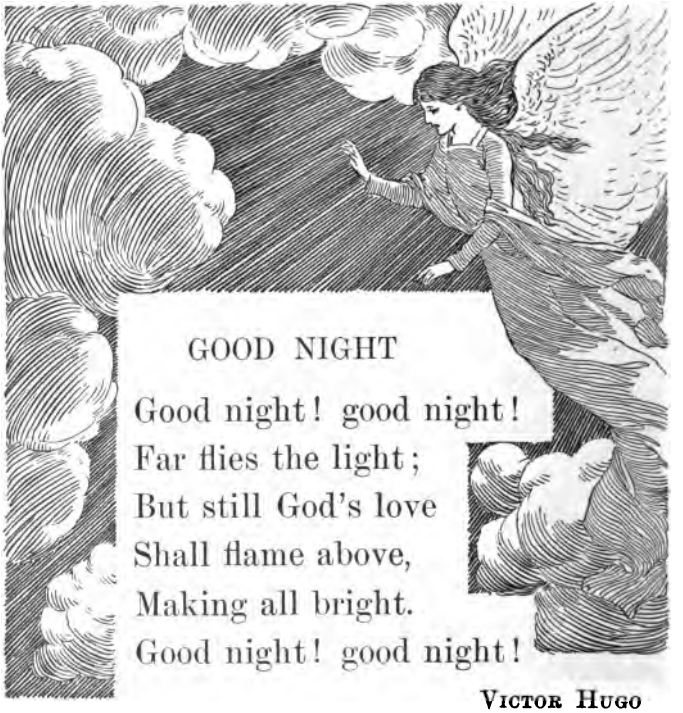
Are all just water the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first
smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun sun-
shine; —
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went, — and the pas-
ture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk
so deep. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Oh, I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-
floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then —

To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom —
A sweet white cot — and a cricket's
cheep. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



GOOD NIGHT

Good night! good night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! good night!

VICTOR HUGO

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

Vowels

ā	as in	fāte	ī	as in	īce	ū	as in	ūse
ȧ	"	senȧte	i̇	"	i̇dea	u̇	"	u̇nite
ă	"	făt	ĭ	"	ĭt	ŭ	"	ŭp
ä	"	ärm	ī	"	sīr	û	"	fûr
a̤	"	a̤ll	ï	"	machïne	ṳ	"	rṳle
ȧ	"	ȧsk				ṵ	"	pṵll
ạ	"	whạt	ō	"	ōld			
â	"	câre	ȯ	"	ȯbey	ȳ	"	flȳ
			ŏ	"	nŏt	y̆	"	baby̆
ē	"	mēte	o̤	"	mo̤ve			
ė	"	ėvent	ọ	"	wọlf	ew	"	new
ĕ	"	mĕt	ȯ	"	sȯn	oi	"	boil
ẽ	"	hẽr	ô	"	hôrse	oy	"	boy
ê	"	thêre	ōō	"	fōōd	ou	"	out
ēē	"	fēēt	ŏŏ	"	fŏŏt	ow	"	cow
e̱	"	the̱y						

Consonants

c (unmarked)	as in	call	qu (= kw)	as in	quit
ç	"	miçe	s̱ (= z)	"	is̱
ch (unmarked)	"	child	si (= sh)	"	tension
ch (= k)	"	school	th (unmarked)	"	thin
ci (= sh)	"	gracious	th	"	then
g (unmarked)	"	go	ti (= sh)	"	motion
ġ (= j)	"	caġe	wh (= hw)	"	what
ng	"	ring	x (unmarked)	"	vex
ṉ (= ng)	"	iṉk	x̱ (= gz)	"	ex̱act
ph (= f)	"	phantom	z	"	zone

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, a̤, e̤, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST

à bīdeṣ′
à bŭn′dạnçe
ăc cŏm′plĭshed
ăc count′
ā′cres (ēr)
ăd′dled
ăd mīr′ĭng
à dôrned′
ăd vĕn′tûreṣ
à lärm′
ăl low′
äl*m*′ȯndṣ
à lŏft′
ăm′ē thÿst
ănt′lĕrṣ
ärch
ăsh′ĕṣ
à stĭr′
ăs tŏn′ĭshed
ăt′lạs
ạ*w*l
băde
băn′nĕrṣ
băn′tạm
bär′leÿ
băr′rȯ*w*
bĕck′oned
bē hāve′
bē hōld′en
bĕr′rĭeṣ
blē*a*t
blēed′ĭng
blīthe
bou*gh*
brĭm′mĭng
brĭn′dled
brĭsk′lÿ
brĭs′*tle*
bŭb′blĭng
bŭn′dle
bûr′glarṣ (ē)
buṣ′ĭ lÿ (ĭ)
căl′ĭ cȯ
căl′lȯ*w*
cäl*m*′lÿ
căn′dĭed
căn′nȯn
cā′pĕr
căp′ĭ tạl
câre′fụl lÿ
cạ*w*′ĭng
çĕl′lar (ē)
chăn′tĭ clēer
chär′cō*a*l
chāse
chēeṣe
chew (ū)
chĭrps
ehrĭs′*ten*ed
çĭr′cle
çĭt′rȯn
clăm′bĕrṣ
clăng
clăr′ĭ ȯn
clĕv′ĕr
clō*a*k
cō*a*ch
cŏb′blĕr
cŏl′ȯ nÿ
cŏm′ĭ cạl
cŏm′mȯn
cŏm păn′iȯn (y)
cȯm′pȧ nÿ
cŏm păs′siȯn
cŏm plā*in*′
cŏm plēt′ĕd
cŏn dĭ′tiȯn
cŏn′dŭct
cŏn fū′siȯn (zh)
cŏn strŭct′
cŏn vĭnçed′
côr′diạl (j)
cō*u*rt
cow′slĭps
crĕs′çẹnt
crō*a*k′ĭng
crŏft
cupboard (kŭb′bĕrd)
cū′pȯ lȧ
cū′rĭ *o*ŭs lÿ

dăn̲'glĭng
dė̆ cāy'
dė̆ çīd'ĕd
dė̆ clâres̱'
dĕnse
dė̆ scĕnd'ĭng
dĕs̱'ĕrt
dė̆ spŏnd'ĭng
dė̆ stroyed'
dew'ĭ̆ (ū)
dĭl'ĭ ġe̱nt lĭ̆
dīne
dĭs ȧ grēē'ȧ ble
dĭs grāçe'
dĭsk
dĭs'tan̲t
dĭz'zĭ̆
dŏd'dĕr
do̱'ĕth
dŏm'ĭ nĭe
dōōmed
doŭb'le
doubt
dōze
drăg'gled
drĭv'en
drows̱e
drow's̱ĭ̆
dwĕll

ĕ-eh'ŏ
ĕf'forts (ā)
ĕm ploy'ĭng
ĕnd'lĕss
ĕn dūr'ĕth
ĕn'tĕr
ĕn tĕr tāined'
ĕn tīre'lĭ̆
ĕs cāped'
ĕx̱ ăġ'ġĕr āte
ĕx clāimed'
ĕx cûr'sion
ĕx'ĕr çīs̱e
ĕx pĕct'
ĕx'quĭ s̱ĭte
ĕx'trȧ
ĕx trēme'lĭ̆

fāith'fu̱l
făm'ĭshed
făn'çĭed
fâred
făsh'ion
fāte
fa̱wn
fĕrns̱
fĕtch
fĭd'dle
fĭn'ĭsh ĭng
fīre'brănd
flā'gra̱nt
flĕsh
flīght
flŏck
flŭff'ĭ̆
fŏr lôrn'
fôr'tūne
fŏs'tĕr
frăn'tĭc a̱l lĭ̆
frĕc'kled
frŏl'ĭcked
fūm'ĭng
fûr'nĭshed
fûr'nĭ tūre
fŭss'ĭng

gär'me̱nt
gĭng'ha̱m
gĭv'ĕth
glēan'ĕrs̱
glĭt'tĕred
glōōm'ĭ̆
glŏss'ĭ̆
gnau̱w
gōld'fĭnch ĕs̱
gŏv'ĕrn or (ĕ)
grăbbed
grāte'fu̱l
grăv'ĕl
grīef
grōve
guīde
gŭlt'ĭ̆

hāiled
ha̱lt'ĕd
hănd'sŏme
härp'sĭ chôrd
hăched
hāte
hēaped
heärth
hĕath'ĕr
heīght
hĕm'lŏck
hĕnçe fōrth'
hĭll'ŏck
hĭth'ĕr
hōar'ĭ̆
hŏn'ored (ĕ)
hŏr'rĭ ble
hŏr'rĭd

hŭd′dled
hūġe
hŭm′ble
hȳ drăn′ġĕ ȧ

ī′dle nĕss
ĭm ăġ′ĭne
ĭm mē′dĭ ȧte lȳ
ĭm pȯ̇ lĭte′
ĭn clōṣed′
ĭn′jûre
ĭn quīred′
ĭn sĭd′ĭ oŭs
ĭn′stạnçe
ĭn′strụ mẹnt
ĭn′tĕr ĕst ĕd
ĭn vĭ tā′tiȯn

jĕl′lȳ
jew′ĕlṣ
(ū)
joined

kĕr′nĕlṣ

lā′borṣ
(e)
lănd′ward
(ĕ)
lăn′tĕrn
lăs′sĭe
lạwn

lāy′ĕrṣ
lā′zȳ
lēaf′ȳ
lĕath′ĕr
lĭb′ĕr tȳ
lĭt′tĕred
lō′cŭst
lŏdġ′ĭng
lōne′sȯme
lȯve′lĭ ĕst

mȧ chĭne′
(sh)
măġ′ĭc
māid′enṣ
māize
măn′ȧġe
măn′siȯn
mär′ġĭn
măr′ĭ nĕrṣ
măshed
mĕr′çȳ
mĕs′sȧġ ĕṣ
mĭr′rorṣ
(ĕ)
mī′ṣĕr lȳ
mĭsts
mĭx′tûre
mŏd′ĕst
mois′ten

mō′mẹnt
mŏn′stroŭs
môr′tạl
mŏt′tled
mûr′mŭred
mȳs′tĕr ȳ

nā′kĕd
năp′kĭnṣ
nā′tiȯn ạl
năt′ṻ rạl
nā′tûre
nĕç′ĕs sȧ rȳ
nŏŏk
nŏs′trĭlṣ
nō′tĭçe
nûrs′ĕr ȳ

ȯ bē′dĭ ẹnt
ȯ blīġed′
ō′dorṣ
(ē)
ŏp′pȯ ṣĭte
ôr′chardṣ
(ĕ)

păcked
pāinṣ
päl̇mṣ
pā′pĕr
pär′don

pär′lor
(ĕ)
pär′son
pĕr′fĕct
pĕr′ĭsh
pĕt′tĭ cōat
pĭck′ĕrṣ
pierçe
pĭg′tāil
pĭl′lȧ ġĕrṣ
pĭn′ȧ fōre
pĭn′çĕrṣ
plĕasṣ′ạnt
ṗlĕn′tȳ
plŏt
pōked
pōōl
pŏpped
pōst′mạn
pout′ĭng
prĕ′cioŭs
prĕṣ′ẹnçe
prė vĕnt′
prĭc′kleṣ
prȯ̇ clāim′
prŏf′ĭt
prȯ̇ tĕc′tiȯn
prȯ̇ vōk′ĭng
prow

pŭf*f*′ĭng
pûr′pl*e*
quạn′tĭ tȳ
quạr′rĕl ĭng
quĕs′tiȯn
(ch)
rā*i*′ṣ*i*nṣ
rā′v*e*n
rĕ*a*d′ĭ lȳ
rĕ*a*lm
rē*a*r*e*d
rē*a*′ṣonṣ
rė flĕc′tiȯn
rė frĕsh′ĭng
rė fūṣ*e*d′
rĕġ′ĭ mẹnt
rĕg′ŭ lar
(ē)
rė lā′tiȯnṣ
rė mā*i*nṣ′
rė pē*a*t′ĭng
rė quīr*e*ṣ′
rė ṣīd′ĕd
rė ṣŏlv*e*d′
rė spĕct′
rė spŏn sĭ bĭl′ĭ tȳ
rė stōr*e*′
rĭb′bȯn
rīp′*e*n ĭng
rō*a*m
rō*a*st
rōg*u*′ĭsh
rŭf′flĭng
rŭsh′ĕṣ
rŭs′sĕt
rŭs′*t*lĭng

săd′d*e*n*e*d
săd′dl*e*
sāġ*e*
sạ*u*′sȧġ ĕṣ
scârç*e*′lȳ
scâr*e*′crō*w*
scrăm′bl*e*d
sė cūr*e*′lȳ
sė dāt*e*′
sĕ*d*ġ′ĕṣ
sē*i*z′ĭng
sĕn′tĭ nẹlṣ
sĕr′pẹnt
sĕrv*e*d
sĕrv′ĭç*e*
shĕl′tĕr
sh*i*ēldṣ
shĭrk
shŏck′ĭng
shọ*e*′māk ĕr
shr*i*ēk*e*d
shrŭb′bĕr ȳ
sĭc′kl*e*
sĭl′lȳ
sĭm′pl*e* tȯn
sĭm′plȳ
slī*gh*t′ĕst
snă*t*ch*e*d
snō*w*′flāk*e*s
snŭg′lȳ
sō*a*k
sōl*e*
sŏl′ĭ tȧ rȳ
sȯm′ĕr sạ*u*lts
spāç*e*
spī′dĕrṣ
spĭr′ĭt
splĕn′dor
(ē)
spoil
spōrts
sprouts
spȳ
stăg′gĕr*e*d
stāt*e*′mẹnt
stĕ*a*d′ĭ lȳ
stīl*e*
stĭ*t*ch*e*d

stōōp′ĭng
stôrk
strănd
strōl*l*ed
stŭb′bl*e*
ṣtûr′dy
sŭl′lẹn
sŭl′trȳ
sŭp′pĕr
sŭr round′ĕd
swạrm
s*w*ōrd

tăm′ȧ rĭsks
tĕm′pĕr*e*d
tĕr′rĭ bl*e*
thĭck′ĕt
thĭrst
thĭth′ĕr
thô*ugh*t′fụl lȳ
thrōn*e*
thŭm*b*
tĭl*l*ed
to*u*gh
(f)
tow′ĕr
trăv′ĕl ĕrṣ
trĕ*a*s′ŭr*e*
(zh)
trĭl*l*

trė mĕn′do*o*ŭs
trŏ*u*gh
(f)
tru̇′ą̣nt
tŭm′blĭng
tŭs′sl*e*
twĭrl
twĭst
twĭt′tĕr*e*d

ŭn dĕr stănd′ĭng
ŭn fōld′
ŭn tī′dy̆
ŭn tī*e*d′

vās′ĕs̱
vĕs′sĕls̱
vĭ′si̇ȯns̱
(zh)
vŏl cā′nȯ

wą̣d′dl*e*d
wā*i*l*e*d
wą̣n′dĕr*e*d
wāst′ĭng
wē*a*′rĭ nĕss
wēēd′y̆
whêr*e*′fōr*e*
whĕth′ĕr
wĭck′ĕt
wĭd′ȯ*w*

wīl*l*′ĭng ly̆
wĭth′ĕr*e*d
wȯn′dro*o*ŭs
*w*rē*a*th
*w*rĕs′t*l*e
*w*rĕ*t*ch
*w*rô*ugh*t

yōr*e*

Ȧ dō′rą̣
Ăd jĭ dą̣*u*′mȯ
Ăm′brōs̱*e*
Ăn ą̣ nī′ą̣s
Ȧ pŏl′lȯ
Ā′prĭl
Ą̣*u*′dŭ bŏn
Ą̣*u*′gŭst
Bē′ną̣
Brī′ą̣n
Crȯ ą̣ tăn′
Dė çĕm′bĕr

Djinn
(jĭn)
Dŭ*t*ch
Fĕb′rụ ȧ ry̆
Fĭl ĭ pĭ′nȯ
Gą̣*u*′vȧ*i*n
Ġĕr′ą̣ld
Hăns̱ Krout
Hĭ ą̣ wä′thą̣
Hjal′mär
(yăl)
J*ă*ck′ą̣ nāpes
Jăn′ŭ ȧ ry̆

Jĕs′są̣ mĭn*e*
Jŭn*e*
Jŭ lȳ′
Jū′pĭ tĕr
Kä*h* gä*h* gēē′
Kĕn′nĕth
Lēēr′ĭ*e*
Lą̣*u* ĭ s̱ĭ ä′ną̣
Märch
Mā*y*
Mŏn dä′mĭn
Moul′trĭ*e*
(ōō)

Nȯ kō′mĭs
Nȯ vĕm′bĕr
Ŏc tō′bĕr
Ō lym̆′pŭs
Ō mē′mē
Păr′ĭs
Pĕr′çĭ vą̣l
Phĭl′ĭp pĭn*e*
Pō tō′mą̣c
Rō ą̣ nōk*e*′
Sĕp tĕm′bĕr
Trĭs′trą̣m
Wą̣′wą̣